Dec. 24, 1960

THE NEW YORKER

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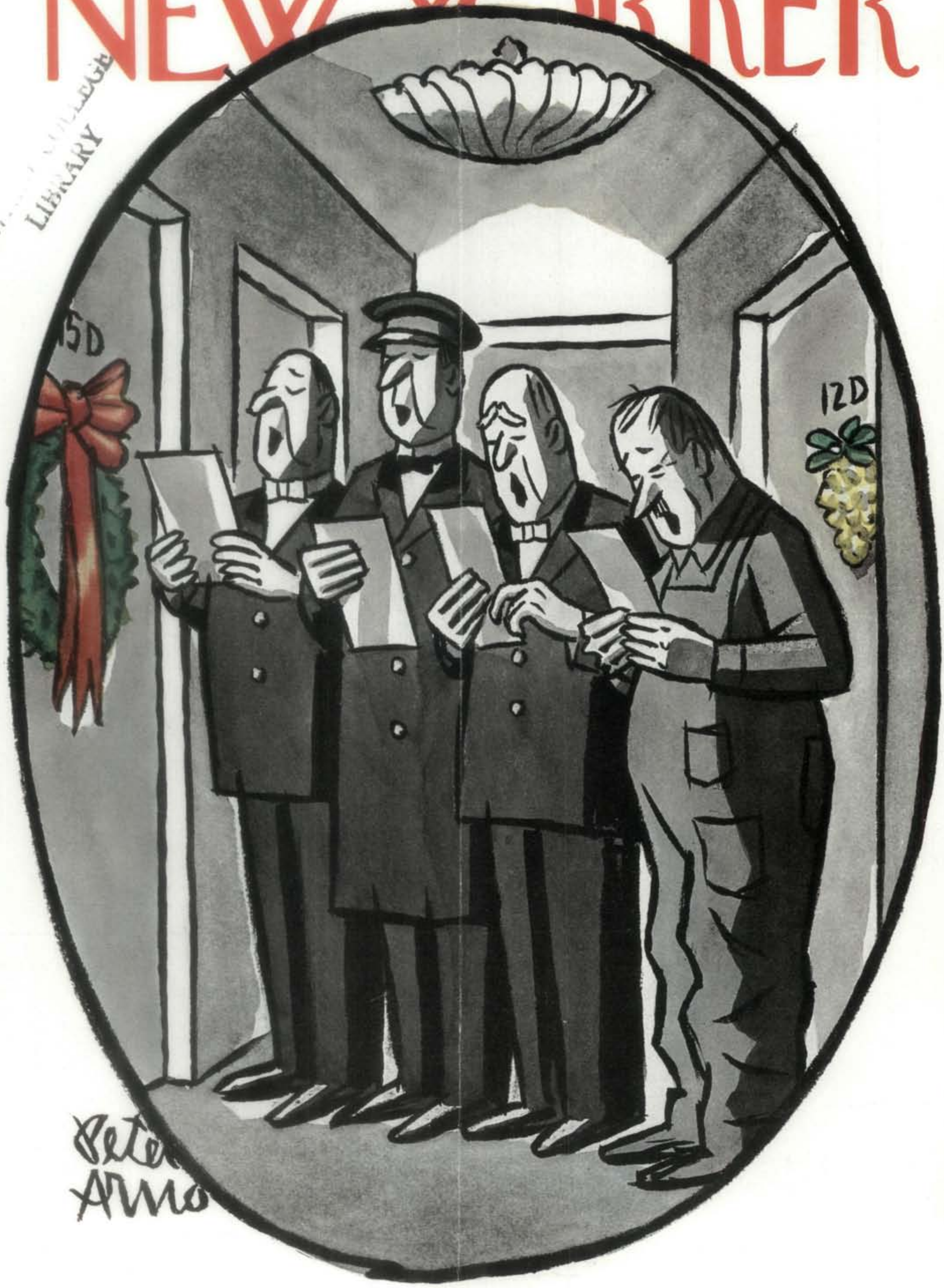
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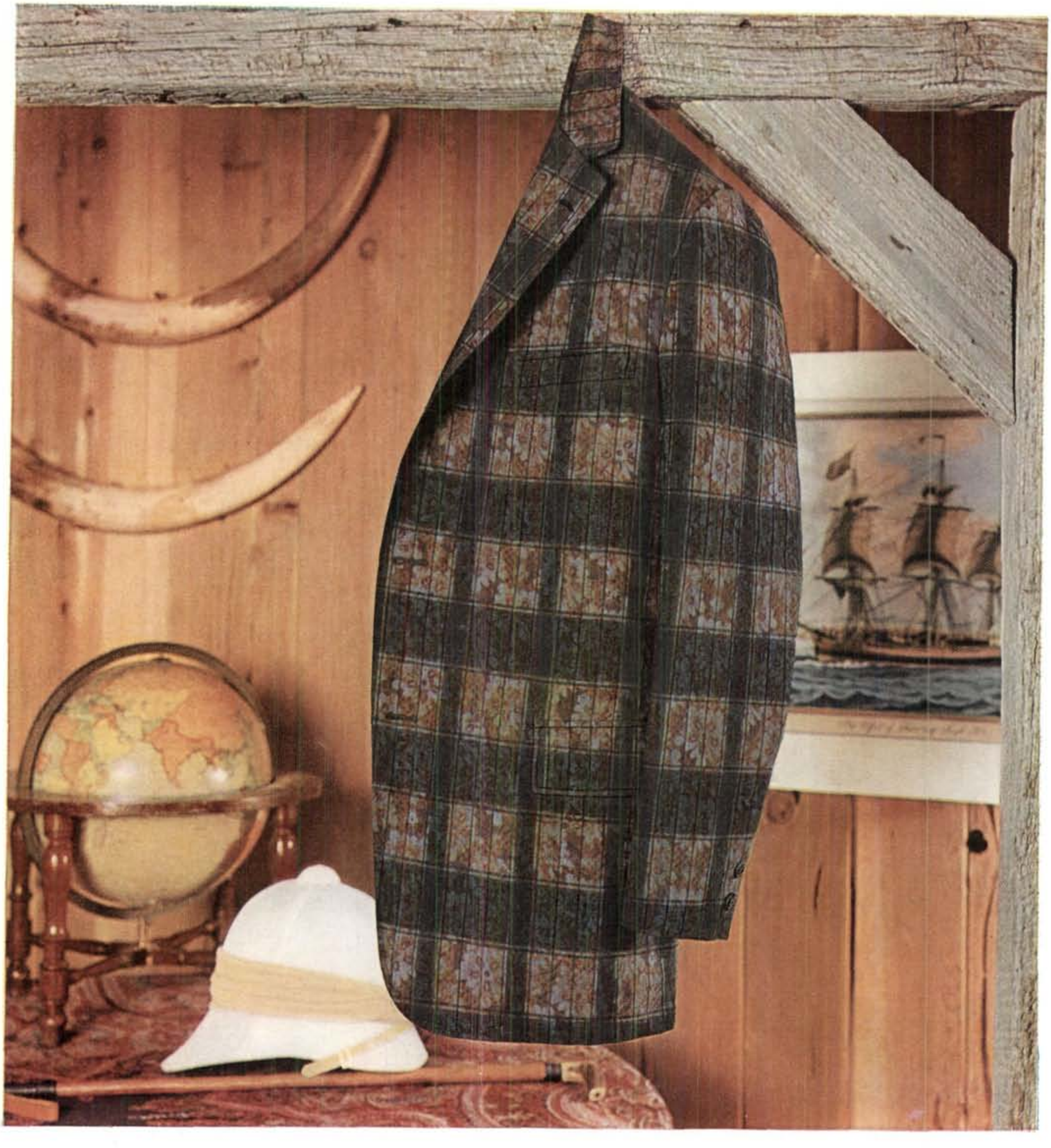

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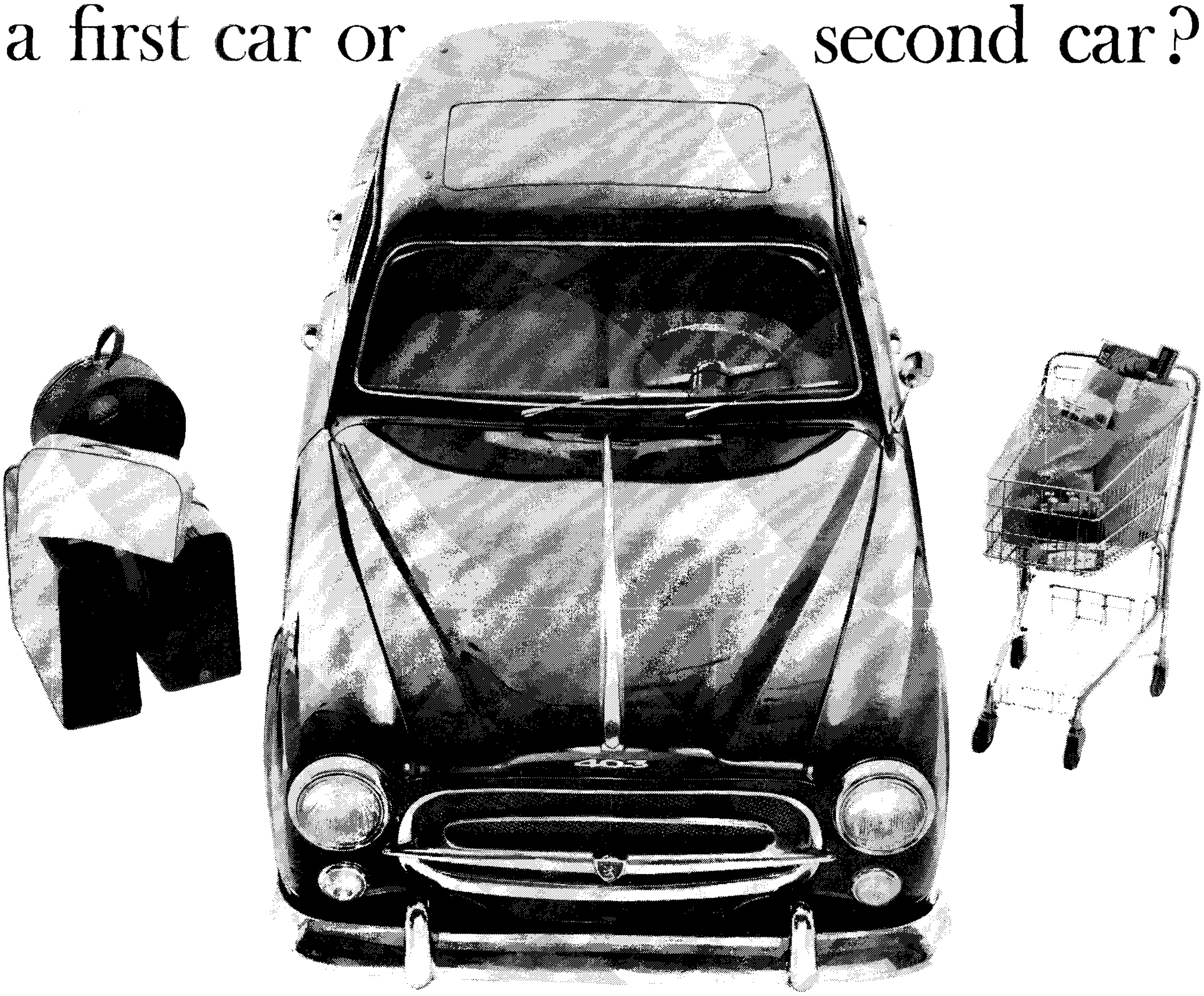

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway)

PLAYS

Advise and Consent—Loring Mandel's melodrama, an adaptation of the Allen Drury novel, deals with political shenanigans in Washington in the course of a struggle by the conservatives to prevent a professor who has shown some Leftist leanings in the past from becoming Secretary of State. None of the characters—and there are more than thirty of them—has much substance, and the playwright's ideas of governmental procedure are highly implausible. However, Ed Begley, Richard Kiley, Chester Morris, Henry Jones, and Kevin McCarthy make an exciting group of Senatorial battlers. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

All the Way Home—Tad Mosel's tender and touching adaptation of James Agee's novel "A Death in the Family." Colleen Dewhurst, Arthur Hill, Aline MacMahon, Lillian Gish, John Megna, and Tom Wheatley are notably effective in the drama. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Becket—Portraying, respectively, the Archbishop and the King in Jean Anouilh's dishevelled account of the twelfth-century struggle for dominance between Church and State, Sir Laurence Olivier and Anthony Quinn employ such different styles that they never do blend their performances satisfactorily. Nor does Peter Glenville's direction succeed in weaving all the wayward strands of the play into a coherent pattern. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Best Man—Melvyn Douglas, Lee Tracy, and Frank Lovejoy are the main participants in this lively *drame à clef* by Gore Vidal, which deals with the backstage maneuverings at an unidentified Presidential convention. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Critic's Choice—A laggardly business in which Henry Fonda functions as a newspaper drama reviewer driven to distraction because his wife has written a play that he considers abominable but that he thinks he should review. Mr. Fonda and such fellow-performers as Mildred Natwick, Virginia Gilmore, and Murray Hamilton try hard, but they are only fitfully amusing. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May—A felicitous and funny divertissement in which two highly original comics spoof everything from modern drama to the P.-T.A. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinées Monday, Dec. 26, and Thursday, Dec. 29, both at 2.)

The 49th Cousin—Menasha Skulnik, the droll sprite from the Yiddish theatre, tackles the task of portraying a family ogre in this simple little domestic comedy, but the role is alien to his nature. Nevertheless, he is beguiling, and he gets warm support from Martha Scott, Marian Winters, Evans Evans, Gerald Hiken, and John Boruff. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Hostage—A sprawling play by Brendan Behan that is at once prankish, vulgar, and amusing as it describes the commotion in a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is being kept prisoner by the I.R.A. The direction has been capably handled by Joan Littlewood, and the cast, led by Maxwell Shaw and Avis Bunnage, is extremely competent. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Invitation to a March—The impressive talents of Celeste Holm, Madeleine Sherwood, Jane Fonda, Eileen Heckart, James MacArthur, and Richard Derr are not used to much purpose in this comedy by Arthur Laurents about life as it is lived on the dunes of Long Island's South Shore, but there are occasional bright lines, and some of the situations have spirit. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Period of Adjustment—A Tennessee Williams drama that is advertised as a serious comedy. It is often silly when it tries to be serious and glum when it tries to be comic, but Barbara Baxley and Robert Webber, and Rosemary Murphy and James Daly, who portray two star-crossed married couples in the South, are laudable performers. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Send Me No Flowers—There isn't much substance to this comedy about a hypochondriac who comes to the erroneous conclusion that a touch of indigestion is really a nearly fatal cardiac spasm, but the cast, which includes David Wayne, Nancy Olson, Peter Turgeon, Frank Merlin, and Heywood Hale Broun, makes the most of its opportunities. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Taste of Honey—There are some strange characters on view in this drama, but Shelagh Delaney, the North Country English girl who wrote it a couple of years ago, when she was nineteen, has certainly infused them with life and put them into a convincing setting. The cast contains only five performers, and they are all excellent—Angela Lansbury, as a prostitute getting long in the tooth; Nigel Davenport, as her protector; Joan Plowright, as her daughter; Billy Dee Williams, as the daughter's colored seducer; and Andrew Ray, as the girl's sympathetic homosexual pal. Miss Plowright is especially noteworthy in a very taxing role. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, except Dec. 31, at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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Under the Yum-Yum Tree—Lawrence Roman's comedy about a San Francisco maiden who is happy to share quarters with her fiancé but wants him to keep his distance is all pretty arch. Sandra Church is occasionally diverting as the determined virgin, and Dean Jones is reasonably helpful as her frustrated suitor. It is Gig Young, however, as a libidinous landlord, who provides the play's most antic moments. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wall—Millard Lampell's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the Jews trapped in the Warsaw ghetto during the Second World War. It has some strong scenes, but it tries to interest us so swiftly in so many people that we never get to know most of them more than casually. Among the prisoners in the ghetto are George C. Scott, Joseph Buloff, David Opatoshu, and Marian Seldes. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE MIRACLE WORKER:** Some seventy years ago, an Irish girl called Annie Sullivan taught a blind deaf-mute named Helen Keller how to communicate with the world. William Gibson wrote the script, and his leading players are Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE TENTH MAN:** A nihilistic young lawyer is restored to life and love by an exorcism ceremony performed on a Jewish girl who is thought to be possessed by a dybbuk. With Donald Harron, Jacob Ben-Ami, George Voskovec, and Lou Jacobi. Words by Paddy Chayefsky. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TOYS IN THE ATTIC:** Lillian Hellman's play about the ways in which sex and money undermine a genteel New Orleans family Irene Worth, Maureen Stapleton, and Robert Loggia star in it. (Hudson, 44th St., E. JU 6-2237. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bye Bye Birdie—A bouncy and entertaining introduction to some fresh, feckless, and captivating people in the orbit of rock 'n' roll. Chita Rivera and Dick Van Dyke are at the head of the cast, and Charles Strouse, Lee Adams, and Michael Stewart are responsible for music, lyrics, and book, respectively. The direction, by Gower Champion, is a triumph. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Camelot—If it's scenic beauty you're after, you'll find plenty of it in this description of King Arthur and his court, but the play itself is rather slow moving, even though such lively types as Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe, and Moss Hart had a hand in the production. Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Roddy McDowall, and Robert Goulet head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Irma la Douce—Using leers as substitutes for

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

laughs, this importation—from France via England—describes the capers of a Parisian tart and her innumerable clients. Elizabeth Seal, an agile type, is the girl about whom the males in the cast keep buzzing. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tenderloin—As directed by George Abbott (who collaborated on the book with Jerome Weidman), this show about a snoopy parson given to exploring the haunts of sinners in old Manhattan is quite a tumultuous business, but it isn't very long on comedy. Maurice Evans heads the large and lively cast, and the show has some clever settings by Cecil Beaton. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Unsinkable Molly Brown—A jolly account of the ups and downs of a backwoods Colorado girl who strikes it rich by marrying a man with a silver thumb, goes on to crash Denver and French society with a hell of a bang, and eventually survives the sinking of the Titanic. As played by Tammy Grimes, the lady is a delight, and so, on the whole, is the show in which she figures. It has agreeable tunes by Meredith Willson, colorful sets by Oliver Smith, ingenious choreography by Peter Gennaro, and has been lovingly directed by Dore Schary. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wildcat—A saga of the petroleum belt that is short on melody and wit but introduces some spectacular stage effects. Lucille Ball appears as a ruffian young woman preoccupied with striking it rich in oil, and Keith Andes, Don Tomkins, Howard Fischer, and Clifford David also participate. The music was provided by Cy Coleman, the lyrics by Carolyn Leigh, and the book by N. Richard Nash; Michael Kidd is responsible for the direction and choreography. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIORELLO!**: A period show about Manhattan politics, based on the events leading up to the election of LaGuardia as Mayor of New York. Howard Da Silva and Tom Bosley keep the Little Flower blooming. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GYPSY**: The career of Gypsy Rose Lee, from humble beginnings in vaudeville to ecdysiastic heights in burlesque. Ethel Merman plays Gypsy's mother. Reopens Monday, Dec. 26, after a week's vacation. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE MUSIC MAN**: Meredith Willson's excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. With Bert Parks. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY**: A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Pamela Charles that of Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**: Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us about the Trapp family, who fled Austria in 1938 to evade the Nazis and became well known as singers in the United States. With Mary Martin and Theodore Bikel. Reopens Monday, Dec. 26, after a week's vacation. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Do Re Mi—A musical adapted by Garson Kanin from his novel of the same name. Jule Styne composed the score, Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Phil Silvers and Nancy Walker. Opens Monday, Dec. 26. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

The Balcony—Life in a gaudy bordello as seen through the sensitive eyes of perverts. The play was written by Jean Genêt and directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Borak—A Civil War play, written in verse by Robert D. Hock, about a family with split ideals. Mr. Hock's imagery runs to moons, ravens, and low clouds that resemble "sacs of blood." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Monday, Dec. 26, at 3 and 8:30.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40.)

Drums Under the Windows—Paul Shyre's third attempt to compress a Sean O'Casey autobiographical novel (Volume III this time) into a play. The results are sometimes fleeting, sometimes indelible, and there is enough rich, round prose to fill the Irish Sea. The cast is first-rate. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Emmanuel—A Nativity play by James Forsyth, who would like us to see Mary and Joseph and all the rest as they Really Were, or as they might appear in "The Jesus Christ Story," Chapter 1. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. Jerry Orbach, Kenneth Nelson, and Rita Gardner do good work in the cast. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 7:30 and 10:30; Sundays at 3 and 8:40; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9.)

Hedda Gabler—Anne Meacham, a new and fascinating Hedda Gabler, expresses pure bitchery by looking beautiful and snakelike, and by moving as if her part were the prey and she the huntress. Frederick Rolf and Mark Lenard are invaluable, too. David Ross, who loves the days when plays were plays, produced and directed. A superior evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

In the Jungle of Cities—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Gerhard Nellhaus and directed by Judith Malina. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays and Sundays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

Krapp's Last Tape and **The Zoo Story**—Two excellent sketches, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by a young American playwright named Edward Albee. The members of the cast are Henderson Forsythe, Mark Richman, and Pirie MacDonald. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Leave It to Jane—A musical period piece, by Jerome Kern, P. G. Wodehouse, and Guy Bolton, which first appeared in 1917 and to which the years have been more than kind. The setting is Atwater College, and among the artists in residence are Dorothy Greener and Kathleen Murray. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. Eileen Brennan plays the heroine with marvellous style. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Mousetrap—The main trouble with this Agatha Christie, which is a copy of older and better Christies, is a faulty suspense mechanism. However, thousands of happy Londoners, who love isolated mansions and nervous guests better than themselves, have been expressing nothing but approval for nearly a decade now. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Plough and the Stars—Sean O'Casey's melodrama done as unintelligible vaudeville by the Phoenix Theatre's repertory company, whose director, Stuart Vaughan, is apt to shoot first and ask questions afterward. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Wednesdays at 7:30; other nights, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

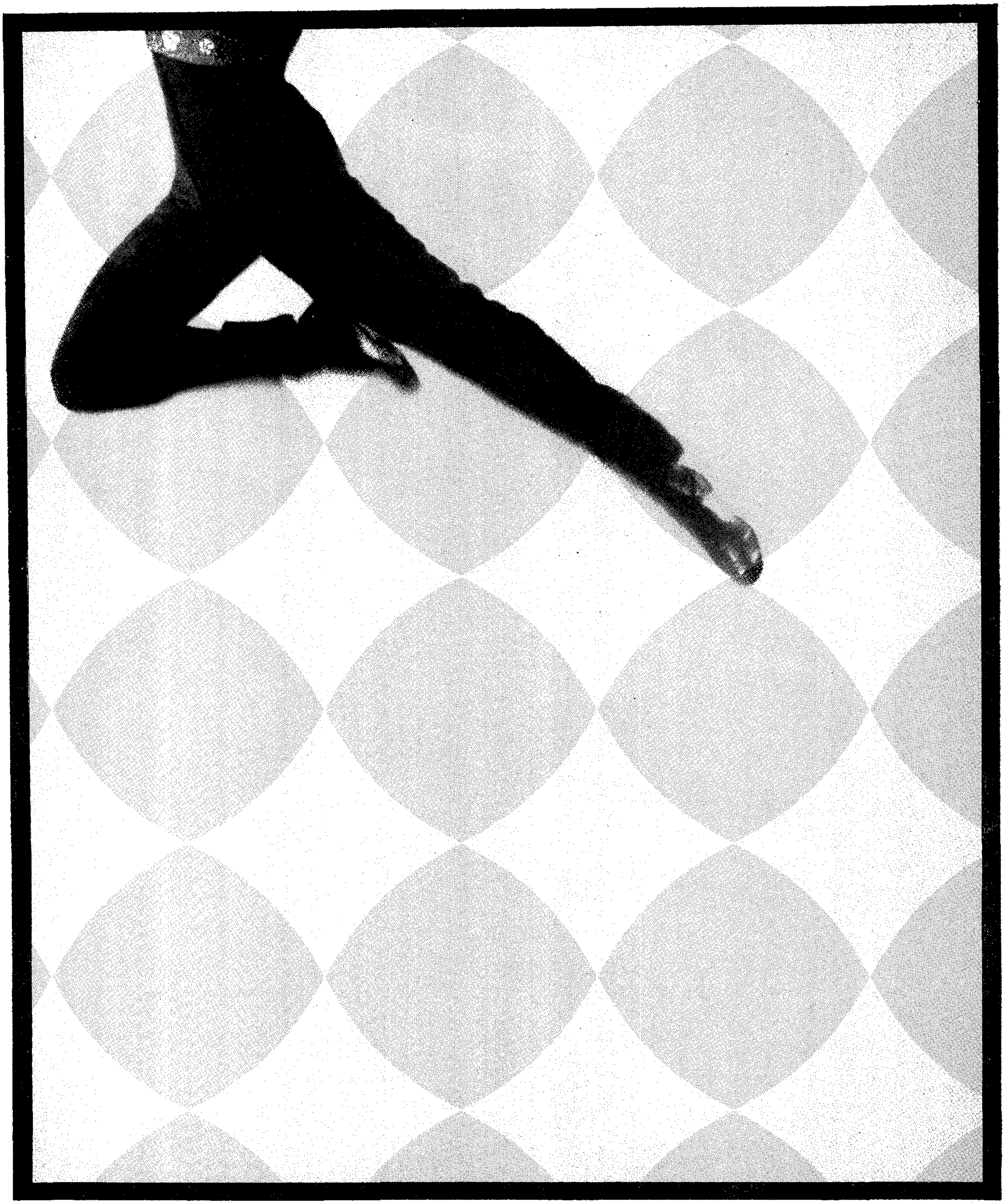
La Ronde—Arthur Schnitzler's chronicle of ten consecutive seductions, neatly arranged to describe a complete circle. Some may take pleasure in the symmetry of the construction. Others may wish they had stayed home. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 1.)

The Rules of the Game—An adaptation, by William Murray, of Luigi Pirandello's play, with Paul Sparer, Joanna Merlin, and William Windom. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Shunned—A play by Judith Palestrant. (Dickens Theatre, 20 E. 9th St. WA 4-8400. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Monday, Dec. 26, at 7:30 and 10:30.)

The Theatre of Chance—A double bill consisting of Sophocles' "Women of Trachis," translated by Ezra Pound, and "The Marrying Maiden," by Jackson MacLow. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30.)

The Threepenny Opera—Age cannot wither. In the cast are Gerald Price and Marion Brash. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40;



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

When I Was a Child—Dramatized stories about children by several authors, including Katherine Anne Porter, Shirley Jackson, and Dylan Thomas. (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. BR 9-3631. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Dec. 26, at 2:40.)

Note—A revue without music (partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly entertaining) is being presented at the Premise, a coffeehouse far more comfortable than most, at 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020). Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and 12; Christmas at 8:30; and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 26-29, at 8:30 and 11:30.

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30: "Creation of the World," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Firebird."...¶"The Nutcracker": Friday, Dec. 23, at 8:30; Saturday through Monday, Dec. 24-26, at 12:30 and 5:30; and Tuesday through Saturday, Dec. 27-31, at 2:30.... ¶Saturday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: "Con Amore," "Apollo," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The last kingdom on earth that hasn't been troubled by the gold-export problem. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—"Naughty Marietta," the Victor Herbert soap operetta, has been boiled down to size, which is to say the Cotillion Room, and converted into the dessert for dinner and, on Fridays and Saturdays, for supper as well. Wilbur Evans, who understands this sort of musical chairs perfectly, leads a choir that includes Jimmy Carroll. There's no scenery except the customers' furs. Between showings, there's plenty of dance music. Closed Mondays.... ¶Stanley Worth's polite followers are the dance musicians in the upper-bracket Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The happy talk of Ted Straeter's flowing covey of minstrels and the brisk persiflage of Mark Monte's exemplary band make the Persian Room glow in the dark of night. The glow attains white heat at dinner and supper, when the dozen denizens of the Ballet Español, captained by Roberto Iglesias, whirl into a clap-hands, here-comes-Carlos outpouring of first-rate flamenco. Closed Sundays, and just one performance on New Year's Eve, at twelve-forty-five....¶Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays in the Palm Court for the cocktail hour (four to seven) and in the Edwardian Room for the dinner hour. No dancing in either abode....¶The stilly night in the Rendez-Vous, a good-looking rest home, is being mildly punctured now and then by the languid dance orchestras run by Maximillian Bergere and the almost legendary Nicholas D'Amico. They start at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Jones Beachers have moved in from the Island to the Grill, where his querulous saxophones swoon and sway through the dance music all evening long. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at the dinner hour and again at the supper hour, Bud and Travis, two young men with guitars in hand and their hearts in the highlands and backlands of America, deliver a most cheerful report on folk music. Milt Shaw's band and Walter Kay's trio fill the rest of the evening with cut-glass dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. New Year's Eve, Bud and Travis will appear only at one o'clock, and black tie will be standard equipment.

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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Space of truly noble proportions is the scheme of the Columns, a moonlit terrace upon which dinner music begins at seven-thirty and dance music an hour later. Gunnar Hansen's and Charles Holden's little orchestras do the 3/4 and 4/4 honors. Closed Sundays....¶There's room for the improvement of one's peace of mind among the widely spaced armchairs and tables of the Savoy Room, where Ray Hartley addresses a piano from cocktails through suppertime every night but Sunday.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Old Order, which changeth not as much as one might think, is still visible here and there in the Embassy Club and the Knight Box. The Club serves strutters' music by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Quintero's rumba band from eight-thirty or nine until one-thirty or two; the Box serves sitters' music by Jani Sarkozi's violin from eight o'clock on. Both caravanseries are closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the sonorous dance band of Emil Coleman, which in its time has launched a thousand débutantes, carols away whenever a smaller band, run by Theo Fanidi, is not performing. At dinner and supper, the mellifluous Dick Haymes takes the floor to do a set of ballads in a manner that makes even trite lyrics ring true. He is moderately assisted in this display of skill by Fran Jeffries, a girl who is more scenery than singer. New Year's Eve, they make just one appearance, at twelve-thirty....¶In Peacock Alley, decorated to suggest an Elysian field, Michael Zarin's band alternates with the orchestra of Ray Bari. The music is sedentary from six to eight-thirty, and dance-tune after that. Closed Christmas.

Note—From a windowside seat in the Rainbow Room, at the top of the 30 Rockefeller Plaza ski tow, New York seems more and more a Lilliputian Bazaar. There's intermittent non-dance music by a trio during cocktails and dinner. The phone: CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): *J'y suis, j'y reste* is the motto, possibly expressed not quite so succinctly, of the inmates of this distinctly Manhattan inglenook. Jack Banan's piano, which begins at eight, provides a sturdy, down-to-earth, on-the-beat counterpoint to every one of them. New Year's Eve, Bud Freeman's give-my-regards-to-Dixie quartet will help out. Closed Mondays.... **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The playboys (j.g.) and the playgirls (j.g.) of the Western World at their decorous merrymaking, which is supervised by Goldie Hawkins, headmaster and pianist-in-chief. The order of the evening is this: Bob Printz on piano from five-thirty to eight; Mr. Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists and (following the theatre) as a team. Closed Sundays.... **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter brings out the best in his Steinway, situate on the nineteenth green of a course where it's always fair weather. He's there from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday administrator.... **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the biggest traffic jams in downtown Rome. No one is more expert at threading the amiable throng than Herman Honigsberg's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, which is on the move until all hours. Whenever they cool out, a squad of ambulatory guitarists fills the breach. Closed Sundays.... **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine family dinner party in a combination concert stage, opera house, and dance hall. The head of the family is Aldo Bruschi, operator of piano, oboe, concertina, and basso profundo. Every week from Tuesday through Saturday he stages miniature cloak-and-dagger valentines (by G. Verdi, R. Leoncavallo, G. Puccini, and such). Additionally, from Thursday through Saturday, he runs a dance group and accompanies the succession of singers who wander in and out of the spotlight. I.e., never a dull moment. Closed Mondays, and small wonder.... **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A castle keep that is 1066 and all that, plus a few moves to bring matters up to date, such as Norbert Faconi's tableside manner and violin. No music Sundays.... **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards at play, which is hard on the feet, vocal cords, and stringed instruments but generally easy on the ears. The theme is flamenco. Guests have dance privileges, too. Closed Sundays.... **Malmaison,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The style to which we'd all like to become accustomed. The piano in the bar is run by Jules Kuti, who is on from five to eleven. Closed Sundays and Monday, Dec. 26.... **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The House of Lords in a sociable mood. The court musician is George Feyer, whose parlor piano is distributed from eight-thirty through suppertime. Closed Sundays.... **Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An old-established pump room, rebuilt into a Moorish town house, and a rather handsome one. The bar and kitchen remain American, though, and so does the leisurely music, which is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, with and without a bordure of violin by Richard Wilson. This goes on from six to midnight, and a trifle later on Saturdays. No music Sundays.... **Left Bank,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Part picture gallery, part restaurant, part launching pad for performers not yet in the public eye. The merriest of these, at the moment, is Danny Apolinar, who sings as though the bells of hell were going jing-a-ling-a-ling in his head. The rest of the amusement is just an awkward pause. Closed Sundays.... **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bouncing Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic portfolio, mostly British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **Luau 400,** 400 E. 57th St. (EL 5-6555): Skillfully sidestepping the native girl who is giving away *leis* by the armful, you press on into the interior of Polynesia, where a native restaurant and native musicians (the Polynesians seem to have been the inventors of the electronic ukulele) await you every night of the week. George Taylor, who's definitely from the mainland, plays piano in the bar every night but Sunday.... **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Trattoria* of style, without being obtrusive about it. The music, which is wandering minstrelsy, is provided by the voices and instruments of casual hillbillies from (where else?) the seven hills of Rome. Their work night is six to two. Closed Sundays.... **La Zambra,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A slice

of life after dark in Madrid. The illusion is assisted no end by the guitar and piano that lurk within. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): First, second, and third Hungarian rhapsodies, sometimes simultaneously. The ceaseless ebb and flow of music is most successfully surmounted by the Old World tenor of Tibor Rakossy and (as far along as Sunday, Dec. 25) Jeanine Poret's light little French voice. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): From nine-thirty to one, this opulent little bar, a Joan Miró daydream, is in the charge of Renato Rossini, whose guitar turns Latin into anything but a dead language. No music Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who keeps making the grand tour from Caracas to Europe and back, is spending this winter at the piano of the Casino-on-the-Park. He's around from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one, and Sunday is his day of rest. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons. In the midst of it all—among plenty of other things—is Yvonne Constant, a singer who first came to local attention in "La Plume de Ma Tante." Closed Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The management, deciding that one picture is worth a thousand words, has removed nearly all extraneous dialogue from the tremendous revue that surges for nearly two hours across the stage. It has also, in its infinite wisdom, removed nearly all extraneous raiment from the cast's young ladies, as fine and healthy a set of Olympic athletes as has been fielded in years. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The focal point is Sammy Davis, Jr., an overwhelming mixture of ocean's roar and Ocean's Eleven. His keening and prancing are supplemented by half a dozen or more lotus blossoms who are more than likely, to the despair of their choreographer, to put their feet in their pretty mouths. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Semantics by Kaye Ballard, whose closet must be full of nothing but broomsticks, and folk music by Odetta, beside whom nearly every other singer of such stuff pales. Also on display are (1) the completely silent Reneaux, a show of hands that mysteriously fill with doves, olive branches, and whatnot, and (2) the scatterbrained Joey Carter, or anything for a laugh. The background is the inventive Jimmy Lyons trio (Beverly Peer and Joe Puma are his aides) and the garrulous piano of Otis Clements. Odetta departs on Wednesday, Dec. 28; next evening's arrival is Anita Sheer, who's full of tense, terse flamenco songs and guitar. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Alex Fogarty's piano recites casual tone poems from six to eight, and the Lyons group does milkman's matinées. No music Saturdays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): "Dressed to the Nines," which is Julius Monk's most recent and most pungent white paper on the state of the nation, pays its disrespects at nine-fifteen and midnight. The *farceurs* in the revue are Ceil Cabot, Gordon Connell, and Gerry Matthews (Monk veterans all), as well as Bill Hinnant, Mary Louise Wilson, and Pat Ruhl. William Roy and Carl Norman make their two pianos sound like an orchestra. Closed Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 22. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): On the rostrum, Jane Connell and Jack Fletcher, two members of the Julius Monk graduate course, are conducting a sort of "Open End" séance all their own. Their hey-nonny-nonny is supplemented by the pianos of Paul Trueblood and Robert Colston, whose variations on themes by Gershwin, Kern, et al., are seventeen-jewel. The pianos begin at nine. Miss Connell and Mr. Fletcher at ten. Closed Sundays and Thursday, Dec. 22. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Not as far off Broadway as it used to be, principally because of Sallie Blair, a girl apt to give her ballads a steam bath, and the tandem Tony and Eddie, whose pantomime (done to the recordings of performers who didn't think twice) is now broad enough to require snow tires. The

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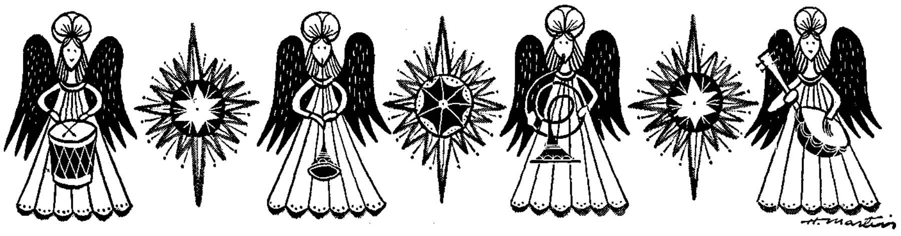
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

only old family retainers left are Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, musicians to whom every night is Halloween, and Jimmie Daniels, *padrone* and tenor. Peter Daniels is at the solo piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): "Stewed Prunes," the second-story occupant of this very Village playpen, is a tongue-in-cheek study (after all, it's mostly pantomime) of many forms of human frustration, executed by a set of three inventive young people. Seminars at nine and twelve weekdays, and at five-thirty and nine on Sundays. Tuesday is their night off. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The stage of the back room is occupied by a fresh shipment of truly bounding Basques, both boy and girl. Angel Mancheno will be king of them all if he doesn't break his neck before he's twenty. Dancing for guests, too. Sundays, the sole event is a tea trot, three to eight. . . . ¶ Around ten, next door to the bar, the eerie flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the fevered songs of Domingo Alvarado convert the alcove they occupy into one of our best music rooms. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Another of those dark alleys in which Second Avenue now abounds. This one, though, contains Felicia Sanders, whose skilled soprano writes her lyrics upon the night sky in letters of fire. Most of the other participants may have mistaken their calling. Miss Sanders will depart on Sunday, Dec. 25; next evening, Ruth Olay, another vehement oriole, will succeed her. . . . **CAMELOT,** 158 E. 49th St. (EL 5-4135): Some of the amusement in this odd salt-box is amateur and in no danger of turning pro, but there's recompense in Bobby Short, in whose songs and piano the dawn's early light is forever glimmering. His two sidemen are equally wide awake. Closed Sundays. . . . **KING ARTHUR ROOM,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Through the lips of Mabel Mercer pass the most beautifully phrased songs in the world, by turn casual, impassioned, and bittersweet. Her dignified mountain fastness, high above the torrential freshet called the Roundtable, is also inhabited by Sam Hamilton, her permanent equerry, and Don Evans, a pair of young men capable of putting any piano into a state of beatitude. Closed Sundays.

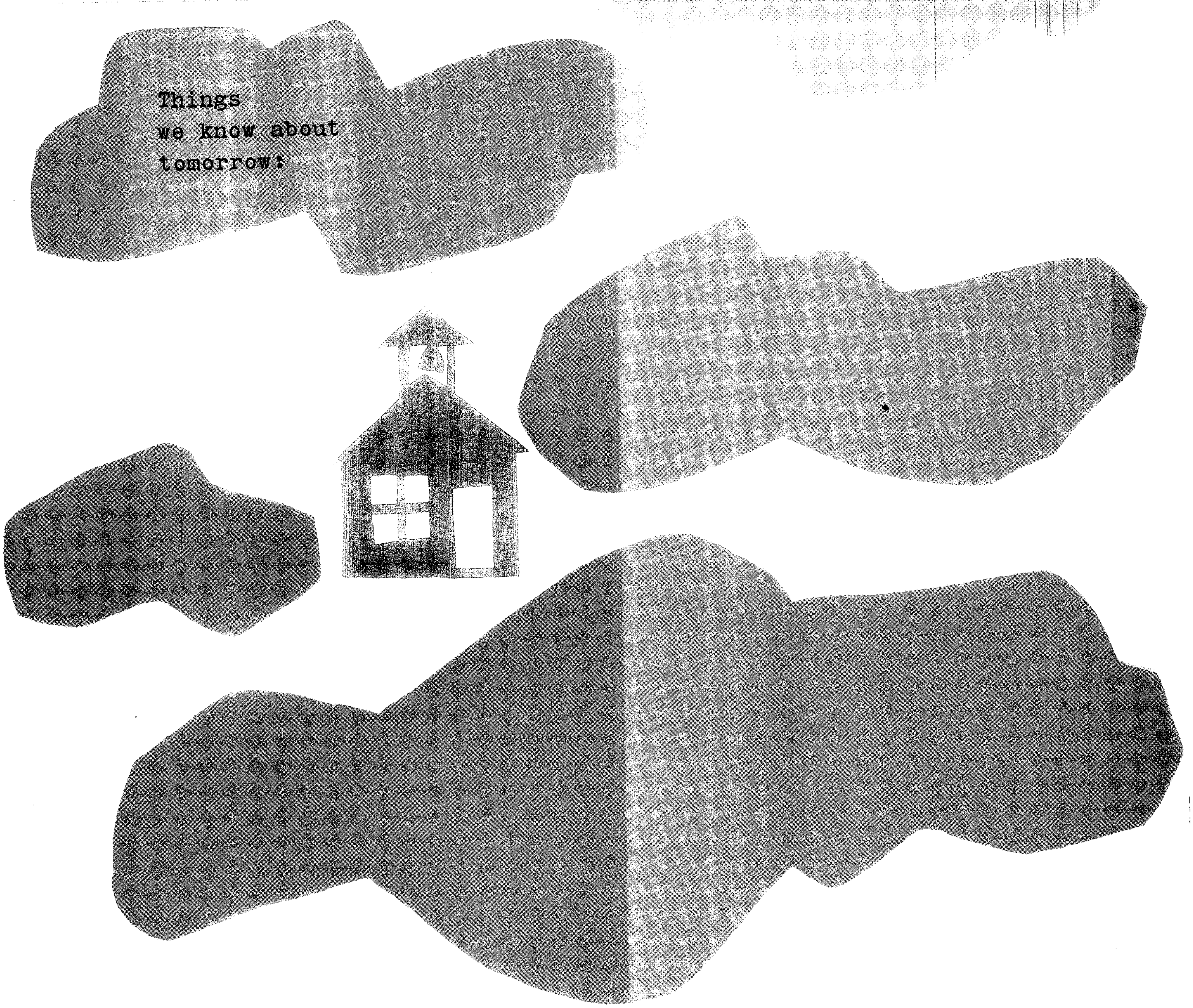
MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rock-ribbed tradition, now upheld by the sunny disposition of Ralph Sutton's long-lost missionaries, among whom are Peanuts Hucko and Buzzy Drootin. During the intermissions, Bob Corwin keeps the keyboard warm as toast. Mr. Condon, having temporarily put aside his guitar, serves now as innkeeper. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Hark, the angels of elfland—Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Annie Ross—sing a dizzy threnody the like of which there isn't. Ray Bryant's close-coupled triad of modernists complement this noble outburst. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): A very mixed grill occupies the stage, such as the Deep River Boys, whose crooning is as the sound of Muzak; Cootie Williams, whose venerable horn is unaccountably meshed with an electronic guitar, which turns his band into a fairly special anachronism; and Gloria Lynne, a singer of whom it can be said that she is earnest. Closed Sundays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Some real veterans—Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, and Wilber Kirk—are whooping it up, and sometimes gagging it up, for the sake of that dear old Southland. Don Frye is the interlude pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join up with Mr. Frye to form a Loyal Opposition. Closed Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dave Brubeck, a pedagogue of the piano whose homilies inspire millions, has his quartet doing barrel rolls in between the recitals of Sarah Vaughan, another of our trenchant First Ladies who are putting their jazz past behind them in favor of balladry. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The piano of Billy Taylor, which lately has acquired a sort of elder statesmanship, is the focal point of the trio that has just moved inside the oval bar. No sounds on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Music to watch Grandma Moses to. The exhibit of primitives opens up at three in the afternoon, and even at one-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays. The trios owned by Tony Parenti and Johnny Letman handle the day trick; the night job is handled by three batteries—Red Allen's sextet (off duty Mondays), Sol Yaged's fivesome (off duty Wednesdays and Thursdays), and the Bourbon Street Six, which finishes up on Sunday, Dec. 25. Lionel Hampton and a small selection of acolytes are due the following evening. On New Year's Eve, a double-decker: The Allens and the Hamptons on the ground floor, Cozy Cole's quintet and the Yageds in the upstairs room. . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The Broadway beat, which is elbow to elbow and dark to dawn. Count Basie's bombastic crew, for which Joe Williams declaims the blues in no uncertain terms, seems to be dropping a bit deeper every year into the groove of Academe, but John Handy's foursome is a harbinger of fairer and warmer weather. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regular chaps are out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The big city seems far away from this cozy hero-sandwich conveyor belt. Herbie Mann's sextet, which has looked upon West Indian and African rhythm and found it heady indeed, leaves Sunday, Dec. 25; on Tuesday, Dec. 27, the quintet led by Al Cohn and Zoot Sims will resume its shrilling. Come as you are is O.K. with the owners. Closed Mondays. . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Cookouts every night but Monday by the Empire City Six, whose melodic line is below the Mason-Dixon line. Sundays, there are five-o'clock matinées as well as soirées. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A part of the Village where the iceman cometh, and every night, too. Right now, the fare is pretty fancy: Gigi Gryce's quintet, which is marshmallow-coated calculus, and the Montgomery Brothers' quartet, which is New Departure. The Gryces are off on Mondays, the Montgomerys on Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Cannonball and Nat Adderley are picking prolonged fights with their horns in the midst of their fivesome; Nina Simone, *soi-disant* femme fatale, is picking owlishly at her piano and her lyrics in the midst of her trio. On Monday, Dec. 26, a steel band called the Magnets will replace the Adderleys. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY,** 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (GR 7-9765): The majesty of the law of progression as laid down by Dizzy Gillespie, coiner of phrases, instruments, and sounds, plus the occult pianism of Thelonious Monk, who occasionally likes to run his new-era quartet by absentee management. Mr. Gillespie, by the way, has a quintet. Closed Mondays. . . **PRELUDE,** 3219 Broadway, at 129th St. (MO 2-1833): Kenny Burrell's errant tenor and



Things
we know about
tomorrow:



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decisive electric guitar are the main events of the foursome that is wintering way uptown. No music Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Old wine in an old bottle. The tastings are held only over the weekends. On Friday, Dec. 23, Claude Hopkins, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Johnny Letman, and Panama Francis will pour.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6; they will all be closed Christmas and Monday, Dec. 26. Some, as indicated, will be closed Saturday, Dec. 24, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES

Howard Baer—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Friday, Dec. 23. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St.)

Ludwig Bemelmans—Oil paintings of New York, plus original gouaches for his latest children's book, "Welcome Home;" through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938)—Paintings and water colors by one of the early American moderns; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957)—Abstract sculptures in wood, bronze, and marble, together with drawings and gouaches; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Andrea del Castagno—The Poggibonsi altarpiece, made for the Brigittine Convent del Paradiso, near Florence, by this fifteenth-century painter; through Jan. 28. (Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St.)

César—Welded-metal sculptures by a contemporary Paris artist. First one-man show in New York; through Jan. 28. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St.)

Minna Citron—Abstract paintings; through Jan. 7. (Norval, 53 E. 57th St.)

Salvador Dali—Paintings, many of them never shown here before, and drawings; through Jan. 14. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elaine de Kooning—Big, vibrantly colorful Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Paintings by this leading American Impressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Miyoko Ito and Jerrold Ballaine—Abstractions by Miss Ito, a Chicagoan; Expressionistic paintings by Mr. Ballaine, a San Franciscan. Through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

James Kearns—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Jan. 7. (G Gallery, 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Robert Kipniss—Twilit forest landscapes, mostly, moderately stylized; through Saturday, Dec. 24. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Karl-Heinz Krause—Bronze figures by a German contemporary; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Lawrence Lebduska—Paintings by a modern American primitive, in his first exhibition in some years; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Fernand Léger—Paintings, drawings, and other works, covering the period 1918-50, in an exhibit that is running simultaneously with a showing of his works at the Museum of Modern Art; through Jan. 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Georges Mathieu and Philippe Hosiasson—Paintings by two French abstractionists; through Saturday Dec. 24. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist pastels and drawings (1950-60) by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Jan. 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Morandi—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of landscapes and still-lifes (1915-60) by an Italian artist; through Jan. 14. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Picasso—Linoleum prints in color (1958-60); through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

James Preston—Water colors and drawings, primarily landscape studies of France and Long Island, by an artist little known except by his association with Glackens and Sloan; through Jan. 14. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—A set of thirty-odd sensitively conceived abstract illustrations for Dante's "Inferno;" through Jan. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Manuel Rivera—Metal pictures by a young Spanish abstract artist; through Friday, Dec. 23. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—Swift, vivacious semi-abstract oils; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Georges Rouault—Water colors; through Jan. 7. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Gordon Samstag—Semi-abstract paintings; through Jan. 7. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Jan. 7. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Kurt Seligmann—Thirty years of etchings, lithographs, and book illustrations; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Frederic Taubes—Semi-abstract figures, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

James Weeks—Figure paintings by a San Francisco artist; through Jan. 7. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

African Art—Twenty-five tribes are represented in "Sculpture from the Congo," an exhibition containing masks, stools, statues, headdresses, and so on, in wood, ivory, and stone; through Saturday, Dec. 31. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **BRATA,** 89 E. 10th St.: John Krushenick, Ronald Bladen, John Ferren, and other guests and members in a Christmas show of works in various mediums ($25 to $3,000); through Jan. 6. (Daily, 1 to 6.). . . **CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: The December exhibit consists of paintings selected by Reuben Tam, Joseph Solman, and Walter Murch; through Friday, Dec. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.). . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 19 E. 71st St.: A Christmas show of paintings and sculptures ($25 to $300) by Sam Middleton, Hollis Holbrook, and Sanford Goodman, to name a few; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.: A Christmas showing of paintings and sculptures ($100 to $1,000) by such artists as Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ben Shahn; through Friday, Dec. 23. . . . **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: "Enormous Room III," a show made up of three huge works—Abstract Expressionist canvases by Sam Francis and Alfred Leslie and a construction by Louise Nevelson; through Jan. 14. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.). . . **JAMES,** 70 E. 12th St.: Margaret Bartlett, Alvin Most, and Lillian Orlowsky are three of the participants in a Christmas showing of oils, drawings, collages, and sculptures ($50 to $500); through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: "Paintings for the Home" by, among others, John Sloan, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni; through Friday, Dec. 30. . . . **NATIONAL ARTS CLUB,** 15 Gramercy Park S.: The 1960 Oil Show of works by members and non-members; through Thursday, Dec. 29. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **NORDNESS,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: An exhibition entitled "Approaches to Religion in Contemporary American Art;" through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 10.). . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings, 1910-60, by (for instance) Ben Benn, John Hultberg, and Bernard Karfiol; through Jan. 7. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and collages by Ernest Briggs, Stephen Pace, Milton Resnick, and other gallery artists; through Jan. 7.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **D'ARCY,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An international Surrealist exhibition,

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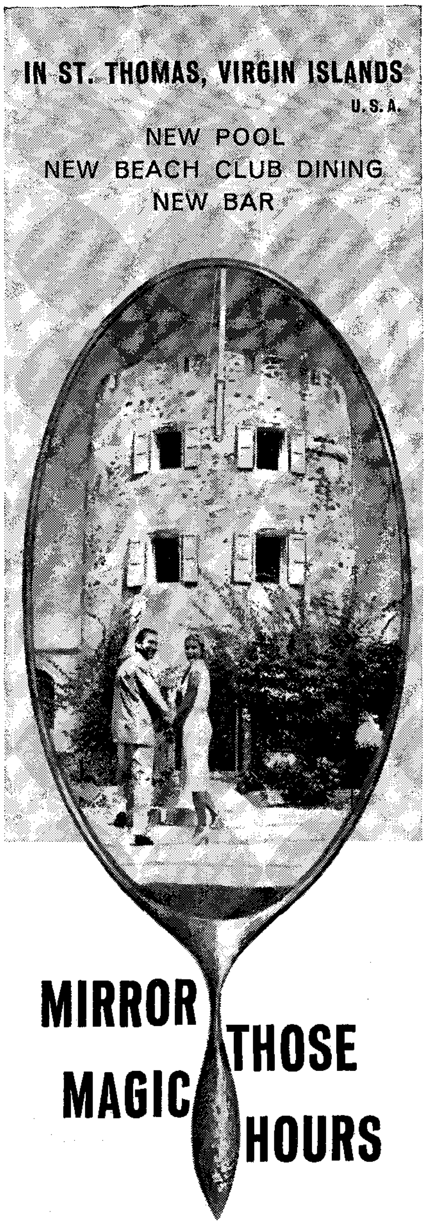

AT ROMANTIC

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directed by André Breton and Marcel Duchamp and including works by Dali, Yves Tanguy, and Robert Rauschenberg; through Jan. 14. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: John Marin, Degas, and Toulouse-Lautrec are three of the artists represented in a showing of drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Oils by such artists as Michael Goldberg, Alberto Burri, and Antonio Tàpies; through Jan. 14. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century water colors by well-known painters and sculptors, among them Gauguin, Kandinsky, and Andrew Wyeth; through Friday, Dec. 30. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.). . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "Drawings 1960," made up of items by Eduardo Paolozzi, Matta, Kawabata, and others; through Jan. 7. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.). . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Piet Mondrian, Fannie Hillsmith, John B. Flannagan, and other painters and sculptors; through Jan. 14. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Afro, Max Beckmann, Bernard Rosenthal, and others; through Jan. 14. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 24.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Arp, Gris, Schwitters, and other modern masters, predominantly European; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **HAHN**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: "Paysage de France"—Courbet to de Staël; through Saturday, Dec. 24. . . . **MARKS**, 21 E. 66th St.: Eight artists from seven European countries and Israel, who have recently worked in Paris, including Guy Harloff, Serge Monsouroff, and Antonio Lago; through Jan. 7. . . . **SLATKIN**, 115 E. 92nd St.: "The Artist as Draughtsman," an exhibition of drawings, pastels, and water colors of five centuries by, among others, Boucher, Degas, and Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo; through Jan. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts of Denmark: Viking to Modern," an exhibition of art treasures from Danish royal and public museums and private collections, along with contemporary craft objects—furniture, silver, pottery, porcelain, textiles, embroidery, and glass; through Jan. 8. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred modern European and American drawings, dating back to Seurat and van Gogh, from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A small exhibition of abstract paintings and drawings by the French master Fernand Léger (1881-1955), also from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. A good complement to this showing is the Léger exhibit at the Janis Gallery, 15 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Paintings by Cézanne and Monet, a drawing by Miro, Japanese prints, and Tiffany glass are among the recent acquisitions now on view; through Feb. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, except Christmas, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Some hundred and forty Egyptian sculptures of the Late Period (700 B.C. to 100 A.D.), assembled from public and private collections; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including examples from his series on various themes—"Migration," "Harlem," "John Brown," and "Struggle: From the History of the American People;" through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The prize-winning painting by Karel Appel, together with a selection of candidate pictures, in the Guggenheim International Awards Exhibition, 1960; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, except Christmas, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A Civil War centennial exhibit of documents, books, and works of art relating to the war and Abraham Lincoln, and depicting the civic and military role of American Jews, both Northern and Southern; through Feb. 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.: "The Nativity," an exhibition of miniatures from medieval and Renaissance manuscripts illustrating Biblical and legendary stories about the birth of Christ; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, except Monday, Dec. 26, from 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Japan: Design Today," a display of textiles, ceramics, woodwork, metals, china, glassware, toys, and semi-ceremonial objects; through Feb. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, except Christmas, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A showing of the entire collection of Raymond Wielgus, of Chicago, comprising masks, figures, ornaments, and pottery vessels, from the Americas, Africa, and Oceania; through Feb. 5. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1960 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, with works by, among others, Lee Bontecou, Chaim Gross, Jimmy Ernst, and Gabor Peterdi; through Jan. 22. (Daily, except Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Dec. 22: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Hermann Prey, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 23: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Mildred Miller, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 24: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 24: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Laurel Hurley, Eugenio Fernandi, Lorenzo Testi, and Nicola Moscona. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 26: "La Gioconda," with Eileen Farrell, Nell Rankin, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 27: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Hans Hopf, Hermann Prey, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 28: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Laurel Hurley, George London, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 29: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Richard Tucker, Lorenzo Testi, Fernando Corena, and Giulio Gari. A non-subscription performance. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 30: "Alcestis" (in English), with Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, and Walter Cassel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 31: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 31: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and Fernando Corena. A non-subscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its regular series of concerts at Carnegie Hall next week. Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting

Judith Shahn

on Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 30, at 2:15; and Sunday, Jan. 1, at 3 (no soloists)....¶ Skitch Henderson conducting a concert of popular music on New Year's Eve at 8:30 (no soloists)....¶ Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Thursday, Jan. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 6, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 8, at 3 (all with Rohan de Saram, cello).

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman directing an orchestra and a chorus, with Martina Arroyo, soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—Samuel Baron conducting. (Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Christmas Eve Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra, with Maria Esther Robles, soprano, and Robert Nagel, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 24, at midnight.)

Rodgers and Hammerstein Concert—Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting the Symphony of the Air, with Bonnie Murray, soprano; Patricia Marand, mezzo-soprano; William Tabbert, tenor; Jack Russell, baritone; and a choir. A benefit for the Hunter College Scholarship Funds. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. New Year's Eve at 8:30.)

The Play of Daniel—The first four of eight performances of a twelfth-century musical drama, presented by the New York Pro Musica, with a choir of boys and men; Betty Wilson, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Gordon Myers, baritone; Brayton Lewis, bass; and others. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Monday, Dec. 26, at 8:30; Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 3 and 8:30; and Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 6-2100.)

Cantata Singers—Thomas Dunn directing an all-Bach program, with Barbara Freeman, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Therman Bailey, bass-baritone; Albert Fuller, harpsichord; and an orchestra. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Dec. 29, at 8:30....¶ Same program; St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Dec. 30, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

Note—On Thursday, Dec. 22, at 5:30 and 8:15, the New York University Glee Club, directed by Peter Sozio, will present concerts of Christmas music in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

RECITALS

Sviatoslav Richter—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 23, and Monday, Dec. 26, both at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Monday, Dec. 26: Knicks vs. Los Angeles....¶ Friday, Dec. 30: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 9.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 25, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. ...¶ Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The New York Chamber Soloists presenting a Christmas program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 3. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Ballet—The Brooklyn Civic Ballet presenting "Coppélia," "Suite Pastorale," and "Don Quichotte Pas de Deux." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Dec. 31, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **american theatre for children:** "Hans and the Tulip." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, at 1 and 3.)... **peggy bridge marionettes:** "Emperor's Nightingale," plus Leroy the Magician. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. Saturday, Dec. 24, through Monday, Jan. 2, at 3. For tickets, call AC [illegible].)... **pat deane productions:** "Christopher Fish." (Steinway Hall, 111 W. 57th St. Monday through Saturday, Dec. 26-31, at 1:30 and 3. For tickets, call PL 3-2271.)... **merri-mimes:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, Dec. 24, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 26-31, at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **merry wanderers children's theatre:** "The Little Snow Girl." (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 29-30, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.)... **musical theatre for children:** "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, Dec. 24, and Monday through Friday, Dec. 26-30, at 2 and 3:30.)... **paper bag players:** "Cut-ups," Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 26-27, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 29-31, at 1....¶ "Scraps," Monday through Saturday, Dec. 26-31, at 3. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. For tickets, call RI 9-5116.)... **pennywhistle players:** "The Snow Queen." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. Saturday, Dec. 24, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 26-31, at 1:30 and 3:30. For tickets, call WA 9-7407.)... **pilgrim productions:** "Snow Queen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Dec. 23, at 3.)... **theatre east:** "Gulliver's Travels." (211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Friday, Dec. 23, at 2 and 3:30; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30; Sunday through Friday, Dec. 25-30, at 2 and 3:30; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30.)... **traveling playhouse:** "Robin Hood," Monday, Dec. 26....¶ "Golden Goose," Tuesday, Dec. 27....¶ "Freddie and His Fiddle," Wednesday, Dec. 28....¶ "Puss in Boots," Thursday, Dec. 29....¶ "Pinocchio," Friday, Dec. 30. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Performances at 11 and 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)...¶ Paintings and pastels by children of Tokyo; through Jan. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 3 to 5.)

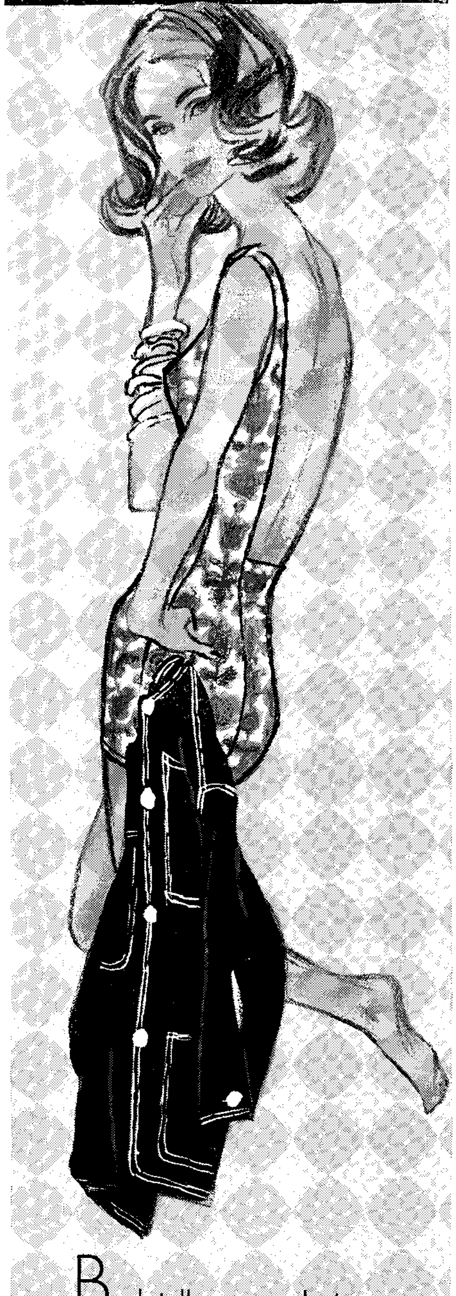
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Star of Wonder;" through Jan. 2. (Special holiday schedule: Thursday and Friday, Dec. 22-23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 24, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Christmas at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday, Dec. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 27-30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 31, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4.)...¶ There are half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium, starting at 8, nightly except Mondays, Saturdays, and Christmas.

Movies—At the **trans-lux 85th street theatre,** Madison Ave. at 85th St. (BU 8-3180): Feature pictures or cartoons. (Saturdays at 11.)...¶ "The Seven Little Foys," with Bob Hope. A benefit for the Open Door Child Care Center. (Wednesday, Dec. 28, at 10.) ... **museum of the city of new york,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.: "The Magic Horse," "The Emperor's New Clothes," and three other short films. (Thursday, Dec. 29, at 11 and 2:30. Admission is free.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under daily, except Thursday, Dec. 22, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3 Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on Friday, Dec. 23. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Friday, Dec. 23, through Christmas.



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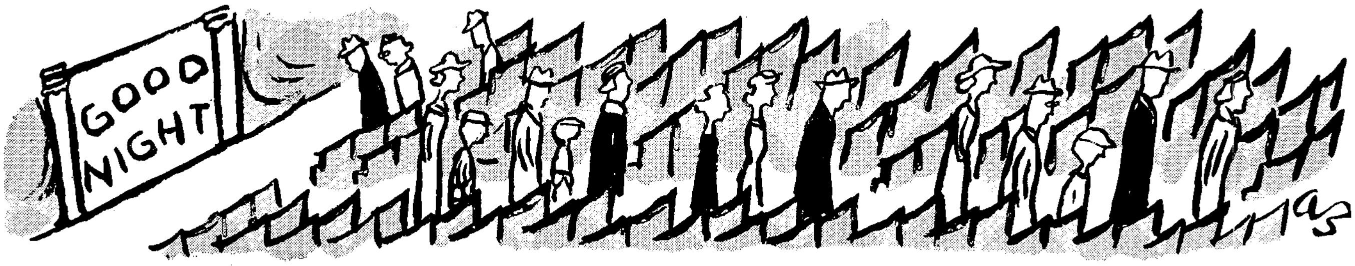
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



The Battle of the Sexes—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings skillfully enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. Distilled from a story by James Thurber, this British film has been aptly directed by Charles Crichton, and produced and adapted with equal ingenuity by Monja Danischewsky. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Dec. 28.)

Ben-Hur—This winning entry in the 1959 Oscar Stakes cost a lot of money to condition, and it certainly covers a lot of Near Eastern ground. Time: three hours and thirty-two minutes. Charlton Heston is up in the climactic chariot heat. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-28, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Big Deal—An extremely funny parody of a crime melodrama. Half a dozen radically incompetent petty thieves in Rome attempt a difficult safecracking job and at every point outwit and double-cross themselves. The slapdash manner in which they finally attack their rich prize makes as comic a scene as you're likely to encounter this year. An Italian import. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Entertainer—A rendering, in savage blacks and grays, of life among the lower orders. Laurence Olivier, playing the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer, is at the very top of his bent, and makes every moment of the squalor to which we're subjected seem worthwhile. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 28, tentative.)

Exodus—Perhaps the only way to face this interminable account of the founding of modern Israel is to take along a light lunch. You'll need sustenance along about the middle of the third hour, because goodness knows there's little enough in the plot to feed on. Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb head a large and luckless cast. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

General della Rovere—A magnificent picture on all counts—subject matter, direction, acting, and photography. The scene is Genoa, the time is 1943, and the story tells of a sleazy Italian collaborator with the Nazis who learns, little by little and half against his will, how to become a good man and, in dying, a great one. The director, Roberto Rossellini, has brought out the best in two great actors, Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer, and the rest of the cast is exemplary. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour—A fine French film, directed by Alain Resnais and written by Marguerite Duras, that makes a strong plea for peace as it describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Photographed in Japan, the picture has in its leading roles Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada, who are superb. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Dec. 28, tentative.)

School for Scoundrels—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. The role of Potter is played with relish by Alastair Sim. Ian Carmichael is a drolly inept young man who, in despair of losing his girl to a suave masher (the toothy Terry-Thomas), learns the art of one-upmanship from Potter and scores off everyone in sight. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 27, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 28.)

The Sundowners—A cheerful if somewhat simple-minded chronicle of the joys and despairs of a family of sheep drovers in the Australian outback. Juniors will probably like the crunchy sweetness of the story more than their parents, but all hands will enjoy the wildlife that hops about in the handsome scenery. Fred Zinnemann is responsible for this Technicolor road show, and Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, Peter Ustinov, and Michael Anderson, Jr., are the principal tourists. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Tunes of Glory—A splashy, old-fashioned, uneven film about a peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. What puts it on everybody's "must-see" list is the astonishing bravura performance of Sir Alec Guinness as a complex, sentimental bully who pulls down his world about his head. John Mills is remarkable, too, and Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Gordon Jackson assist in the skirmishings. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 22.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 28.)

The Emperor's Nightingale (1951)—A film played by a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors. Narrated by Boris Karloff. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 28.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 28, tentative.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground during World War II. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 22.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's survey of the life and times of Moses. Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, and Cedric Hardwicke. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films called "Americana"—Through Dec. 24: "Tol'able David" (1921), with Richard Barthelmess and Gladys Hulette. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 26: "The Mikado" (1939), with Martyn Green and Kenny Baker. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except Saturday, Dec. 24, when there will be just one showing, at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Dec. 22: "Inherit the Wind," Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.
From Dec. 23: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Butterfield 8," Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Pepe," Cantinflas, Dan Dailey, Shirley Jones. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturday through Wednesday, Dec. 24-28, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Spartacus," Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Friday through Wednesday, Dec. 23-28, at 2:30. Extra performances Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 26-28, at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The 3 Worlds of Gulliver," Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE SUNDOWNERS.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Can-Can," Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Flaming Star," Elvis Presley, Barbara Eden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Alamo," John Wayne, Richard Widmark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturday through Monday, Dec. 24-26, at 2:30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 27-28, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BEN-HUR.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"CinderFella," Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
EXODUS.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Dec. 28 (tentative): **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Dec. 27: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.
From Dec. 28: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 27 (tentative): **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS.**
From Dec. 28 (tentative): **GIGI**, revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Dec. 25: "Sunrise at Campobello," Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson.
From Dec. 26: "Ballad of a Soldier" (in Russian), Vladimir Ivashov.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Dec. 22: "Let No Man Write My Epitaph," Burl Ives, Shelley Winters.
From Dec. 23: "The Grass Is Greener," Cary Grant, Deborah Kerr.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Angry Silence," Richard Attenborough, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Dec. 27: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.
From Dec. 28: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE BIG DEAL (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sundays" (in Greek and English), Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Make Mine Mink," Terry-Thomas, Athene Seyler. (No one will be admitted after the film starts, so a preliminary phone call is advisable.)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Dec. 22: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Whit Bissell.
From Dec. 23: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 24: "Let's Make Love," Marilyn Monroe, Yves Montand.
Dec. 25-27: "Hell to Eternity," Jeffrey Hunter.
From Dec. 28: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Breath of Scandal," Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 27: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.
From Dec. 28: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Dec. 22: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Whit Bissell.
From Dec. 23: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 28: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Dec. 23: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 24: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 28 (tentative): **THE ENTERTAINER.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The World of Apu" (in Bengali).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Dec. 22: "Blood of Dracula," Sandra Harrison; and "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," revival, Whit Bissell.
From Dec. 23: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Dec. 28: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**; and "Forbidden Desire" (in French; formerly called "Lover's Net"), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Daniel Gelin.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A French Mistress," Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Rue de Paris" (in French), Jean Gabin, Claude Brasseur.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Dec. 22: **GIGI**, revival.
From Dec. 23: "Swiss Family Robinson," John Mills, Dorothy McGuire.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
TUNES OF GLORY.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
GENERAL DELLA ROVERE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Dec. 22: "The Naked and the Dead," revival, Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Darby's Rangers," revival, James Garner, Jack Warden.
From Dec. 23: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 27: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.
From Dec. 28: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.

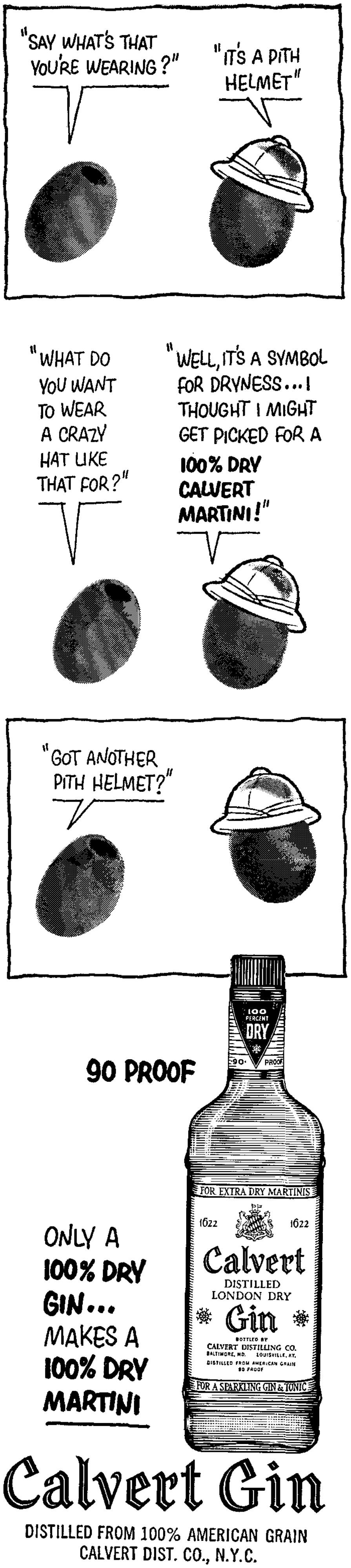
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 22: **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival; and **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival.
From Dec. 23: "Swan Lake," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Dec. 28: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Dec. 28: **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**; and "Stefanie" (in German), Carlos Thompson, Sabine Sinjen.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Dec. 22: "The Naked and the Dead," revival, Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Darby's Rangers," revival, James Garner, Jack Warden.
From Dec. 23: "G.I. Blues," Elvis Presley, Juliet Prowse; and "The Boy Who Stole a Million," Maurice Reyna.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Dec. 27: "Esther and the King," Joan Collins, Richard Egan; and "Seven Ways from Sundown," Audie Murphy, Barry Sullivan.
From Dec. 28: "Midnight Lace," Doris Day, Rex Harrison; and "College Confidential," Steve Allen, Jayne Meadows.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"WHAT DO YOU WANT TO WEAR A CRAZY HAT LIKE THAT FOR?"
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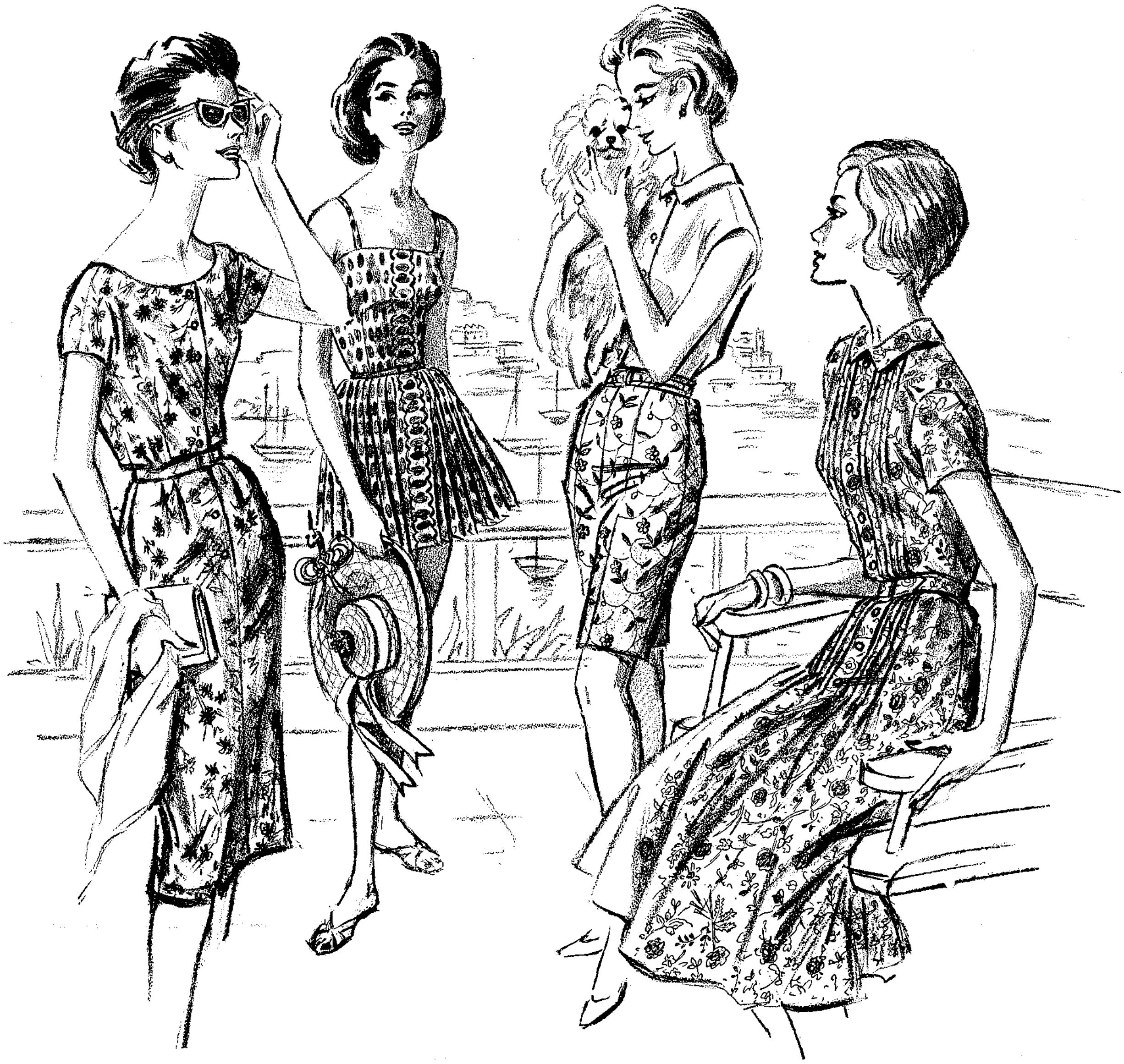

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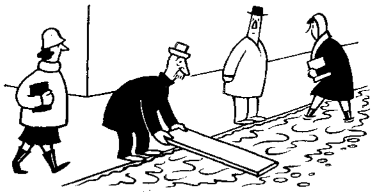
CHICAGO SARASOTA PALM BEACH SAN FRANCISCO

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TWO nice examples of the power of adaptation came our way shortly after the blizzard. During the mopping-up operations, an elderly gentleman was observed on a midtown sidewalk carrying a three-foot piece of lumber under one arm. When he came to the end of the block, he casually laid his board, bridge-fashion, over the slushy gutter, walked along the board, picked it up, and trundled on to the next curb, dry-footed and happy.



That same day, in Englewood, a young housewife left her station wagon in front of a supermarket whose parking space hadn't been entirely shovelled clean, went in and did her shopping, and then, finding that her car's traction was deplorable when she tried to drive away, opened one of the boxes of graham crackers she had just bought, crumbled them judiciously in back of the rear tires, and was off.

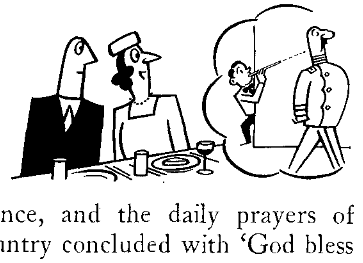
Royal Lunch

OUR annual lifeline to royalty is the Imperial Ball, an event that was named after an automobile (because of original Chrysler sponsorship) and has ever since made a point of having a royal guest of honor or two for its nonroyal guests to gape at. This semasiologically interesting fixture, which took place last week, enabled us to meet Prince and Princess Tomislav of Yugoslavia, the 1960 Imperial invitees. We encountered them not at the ball, however, but at a pre-ball lunch given at the Serbian Orthodox Cathedral of St. Sava, on West Twenty-fifth Street, where a hundred parishioners first assembled in the church hall, which was given over, for the Yule season, to an exhibition of paintings by Mr. D. Popovich, a Yugoslav artist with one studio in Rome and another on Riverside Drive. While waiting, with the parishioners, for the royal couple, we examined some fifty Popoviches. Mr. Popovich, who was walking around the room setting the frames straight, informed us that the pictures exemplified modern realism. "I concentrate on something different every year," he said. "This year is seascapes. Next year is folklore art."

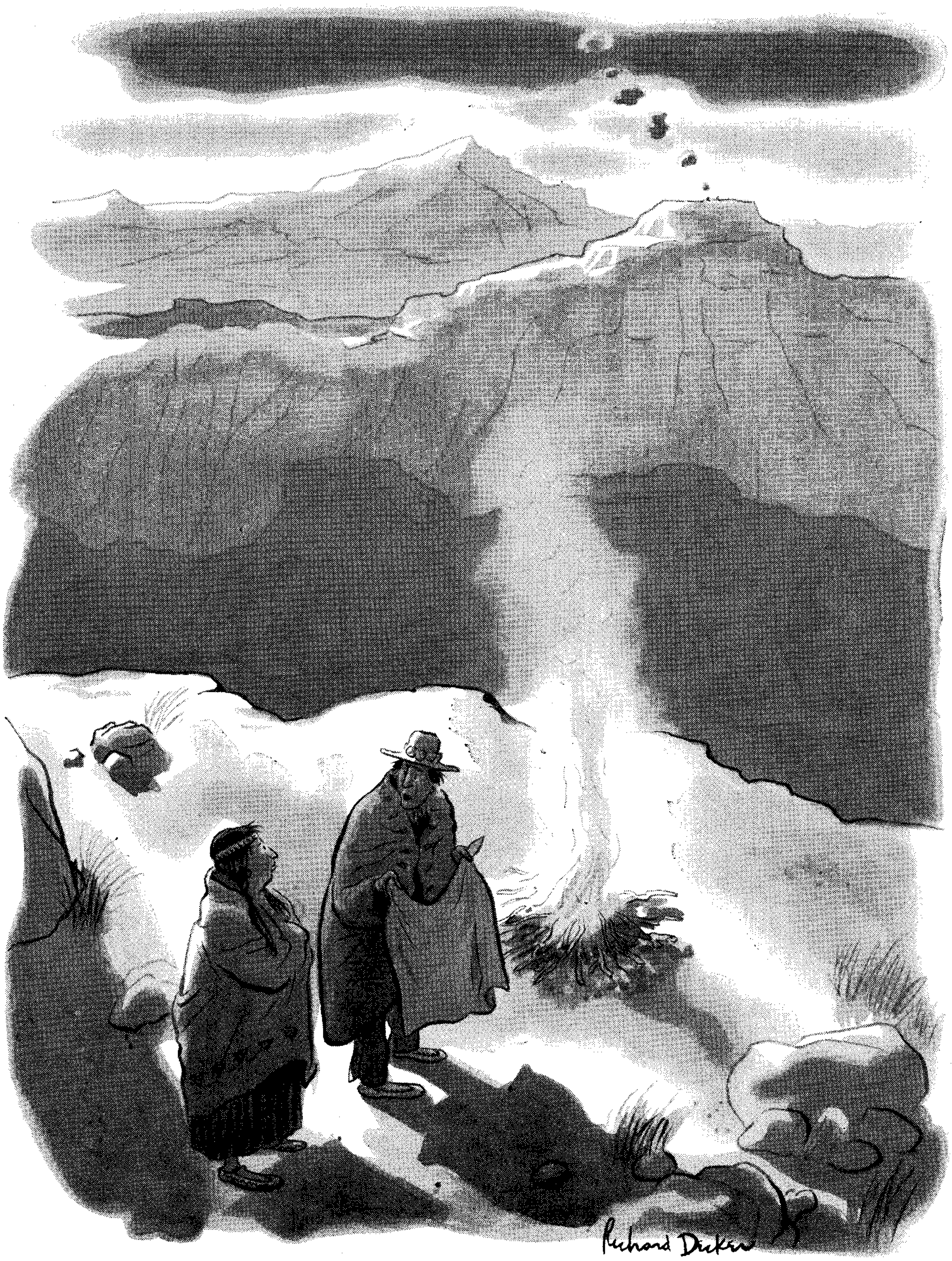
On the stroke of one, in came the Prince and Princess, a dark young man and a blond young lady, flanked by a publicity man representing the Hospitalized Veterans Service of the Musicians Emergency Fund, for whose benefit the ball is given, and a publicity lady named Miss Constance Hope, who has a number of musical clients. The royal couple was greeted by enthusiastic applause and a song, rendered in Serbian by seven seminarians, and presently, thanks to an introduction by the Emergency Fund man, was also greeted by us. The Prince, who was wearing a sweater under his coat, told us that he and his wife, Margarita, had flown by jet from England, where they live, the day before; that, owing to the blizzard, they had landed in Detroit instead of Idlewild; and that they had flown into New York that very morning and driven straight to the cathedral. "We were called at our Detroit hotel at eight and rushed by taxi to the airport before I had a chance to shave," he said, rubbing his chin. "I asked one of the stewardesses if I might shave on the plane, and she said unfortunately the bag with the razors had been stolen in Copenhagen. Well, I had an electric razor in my pocket, but there was some trouble with the connection. One of the flight engineers produced a paper clip and made contact with it, so I was able to shave."

Along with the hundred parishioners, we presently found ourself upstairs at a groaning horseshoe board, where, after a ceremonial blessing of the bread, in which Father Firmilian Ocokoljich, the dean of the cathedral, took a leading part, we sat down between the two publicity people. "The Prince is a son of the late King Alexander and Queen Maria of Yugoslavia," the Emergency Fund man said. "The Princess is a daughter of the Margrave and Margravine of Baden, a granddaughter of the Princess Andrew of Greece, and a niece of the Duke of Edinburgh. She and the Prince met at a Buckingham Palace garden party. They're old friends of Constance Hope's; she got them to come to the ball. They've never been here before. They're going to 'Camelot' tonight, and after that to a supper at '21.' " He then introduced us to a thin, aristocratic man at his left, Prince Theimuraz Bagration, who said that his title was Georgian, that he was executive secretary of the Tolstoy Foundation, and that he and Prince Tomislav were cousins in several different ways. Turkey, duck, ham, *kasha*, tuna-fish salad, field salad, cheese, pickled watermelon, *slivovitz*, *baklava*, figs, tangerines, grapes, apples, and wine followed.

"Doesn't Prince Tomislav look mischievous?" Miss Hope said to us. "As a child, he was known as the mischievous prince, and the daily prayers of his country concluded with 'God bless His Majesty and improve the behavior of the little Prince.' He and the Princess met at a party at Buckingham Palace. I'm giving a dinner party for them tomorrow, the night before the ball, and on Sunday they're going to a typical American restaurant, Lüchow's. Monday, they're flying back."



Following lunch, Father Firmilian and the Prince delivered speeches in Serbian, toasts were offered, cheers were



"It's from the Little Beavers. Did we send them one last Christmas?"

given, and the Serbian anthem was sung. We thereupon changed places with Prince Bagration, who was sitting next to his cousin. "Today is St. Andrew's Day, and St. Andrew is my family's patron saint," Prince Tomislav said as the guests lined up to pay their respects to him. "I generally celebrate it in Sussex, where I have a seventy-two-acre apple farm. I was wiped out by hail a few years ago, but I've recovered. Could you understand my speech? I told everybody not to mix in politics. I said, 'The church is your center. Why don't you all unite?'"

"When did you meet the Princess at Buckingham Palace?" we asked.

"I *didn't* meet her at Buckingham Palace," he said. "I've known her most of my life. She was a staff nurse at St. Thomas's Hospital, in London, when we began going around together. She's very much interested in medicine, and she's looking forward to seeing the music-therapy program at the Veterans Administration Hospital here."

The line of guests had begun to murmur, and as we left, the Prince, smiling, was shaking hands with them.

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OVERHEARD at a bus stop, on the ninth shopping day before you-know-what, one armload of packages to another: "Well, I've got everything now except that logging cap for Grandfather."

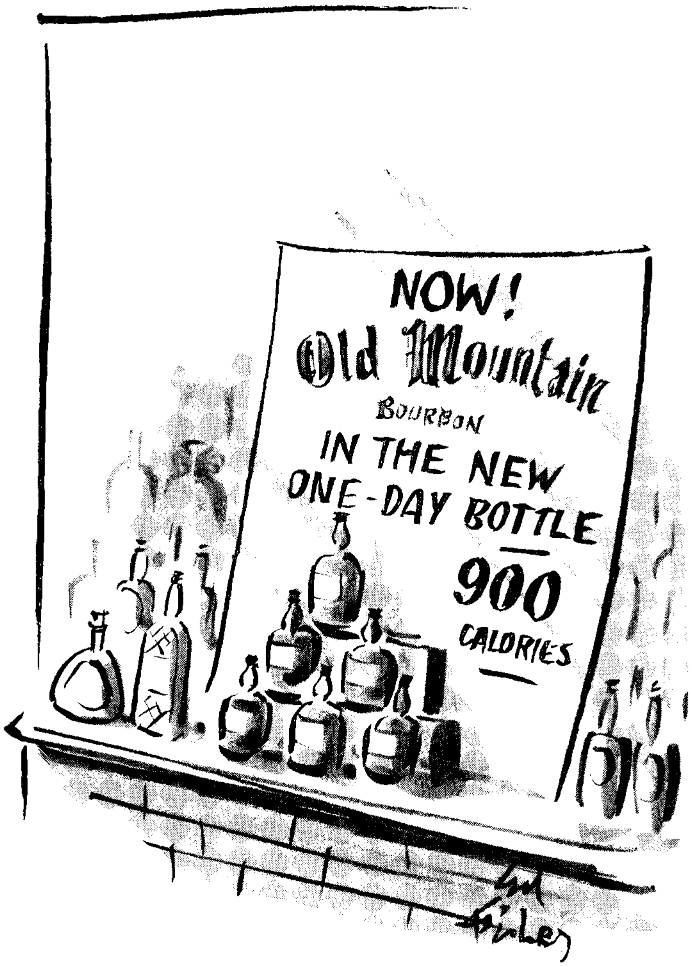
Editor

PARADOXES abound. We've just had a talk with a man who is editing a book—or a set of books—that he can never hope to read *in toto:* Mr. Harry S. Ashmore, of Santa Barbara, California, who was formerly executive editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* and since October has been editor-in-chief of the Encyclopædia Britannica. This compendium, aged a hundred and ninety-two, contains forty-one thousand articles, in twenty-four volumes, that add up to some forty million words, and a number of persons, through the decades, have claimed to have read every one of them—over periods ranging from three to twenty-two years—but Mr. A. has no intention of shooting for that record. "I had a talk with Sir Geoffrey Crowther, a director of the E.B. and vice-chairman of its Board of Editors," he told us when we caught him on a recent visit to town, "and he said, 'Has it ever occurred to you that you've become editor of a book you'll never read?' Well, not only that but I have seven thousand writers I'll never know." This literary army, he explained, consists of specialist contributors who work part time on a continuous revision of the Encyclopædia under the direction of an editorial staff of two hundred, plus about seventy-five permanent advisers, mostly faculty members of universities in the United States, Canada, and England. The advisers assign, or in some cases perform themselves, the writing of new articles and the editing or rewriting of old ones. For example, in the 1961 edition, 11,149 pages will be revised wholly or in part, 1,956 new articles will be added, 3,004 will be rewritten or given a major revision, 7,152 will receive a minor revision, and, all in all, 8,479,207 words will be changed. "Problems exist," Mr. Ashmore said. "Shall we revise Freud on psychoanalysis? Or Shaw on Socialism? We like to get the established authority on a subject, but his point of view may be slanted. We pay only two cents a word—we hope to raise the rate—but I have just approved a plan to offer writers of over twenty-five hundred words two alternative rewards: a set of the Britannica, which sells for about four hundred dollars, or a set of the Great Books of the Western World, which we publish and which costs the same amount. But a lot of our contributors already have both sets and I don't think this is the final answer."

The proprietor of this scholarly stable, a friendly, convivial man of forty-four, was born in Greenville, South Carolina, and went to Clemson Agricultural College, where he ran the undergraduate paper. Subsequently, he became a reporter on the Greenville *Piedmont*, an afternoon paper, and then a political writer on the Greenville *News*, a morning paper. In 1942, after a year at Harvard as a Nieman Fellow, he entered the Army. "I had a hell of a time there," he said. "I didn't want to be in Public Relations, which is where writers are generally put. I have a theory that the only thing the Army can do well is fight, so I managed to get into the infantry. By fast footwork, I stayed out of Intelligence and got into Operations, although after V-E Day I was pulled into the Pentagon at a very high level in Operations. I don't know how that happened; I think my name got mixed up with somebody else's."

Mr. Ashmore, who had risen from second lieutenant to lieutenant colonel, left the Army in 1945 and was promptly offered a job on the Charlotte, North Carolina, *News*; he became its editor two years later. After a few months, he moved on to the *Arkansas Gazette*, in plenty of time for the Little Rock fracas. "I had directed research on the dual school system of the South for the Fund for the Advancement of Education," he told us, "and I had written a book called 'The Negro and the Schools,' so almost by accident I became an expert on race relations. When lightning hit Little Rock, and the great showdown came, I just happened to be there, because that's where the *Gazette* is published. The business community was paralyzed. The *Gazette* is a very old paper, founded in 1819, and its owner had the courage to stand and fight and lose around a million dollars. The big advertising stayed with us—we had that kind of support—but no one wanted to get out where he could be seen. For a time, we were the only opposition voice that could be heard above the shouting. I was constantly threatened, but I was so conspicuous that I had a kind of immunity; the other side didn't want to make me a martyr. It wasn't too pleasant, but it wasn't intolerable. Still, you could never get away from it. At cocktail parties, the host would say, 'Now, no one will talk about the subject'—there *was* only one subject—but after a few minutes everyone did."

Mr. Ashmore wrote a book about the subject, "An Epitaph for Dixie"—he started it before Little Rock and worked Little Rock into it when it was ready for publication—and in 1955 he took a leave of absence to work as a Presidential-campaign assistant to Adlai Stevenson. "It was all very nebulous," he said. "I rattled around the country in DC-3s and did some writing. As I think back on it, it was one long blur. An interesting experience, though. I left the *Gazette* a little over a year ago, at the invitation of Bob Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic, to serve as consultant to the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, which is a mutation of the Fund in Santa Barbara. I had become the personal devil of Governor Faubus and thought it was time to leave Arkansas. It was Hutchins who offered me the Encyclopædia post; he's chairman of the Board of Editors of the Encyclopædia, which is owned by William Benton. It's really more of a journalistic job than anything else. We put out a new printing every year, with a different content of about fifteen per cent, and a yearbook to bring owners up to date. Things are changing so fast that it's hard to keep up. We try to take the long view, and to subject the book to a detached, total look. It's edited for the intelligent and curious layman. As Hutchins has said, you assume that no brain surgeon will read its article on brain surgery to enable him to operate, but the article must be so well done that if he does read it some night, it won't offend him. It's the damnedest intellectual challenge I can imagine. I live in Santa Barbara—I'm on jet planes to Chicago half the time—and I like the way Santa Barbara looks. The ocean is too cold to swim in, but I go down and lie on the beach."



Icy Fantasy

A SUBURBAN father we know promised his six-year-old son a trip to Manhattan at New Year's and asked the lad what, in particular, he would like to do.

"I'd like to see the reindeers play at Madison Square Garden," said the boy.

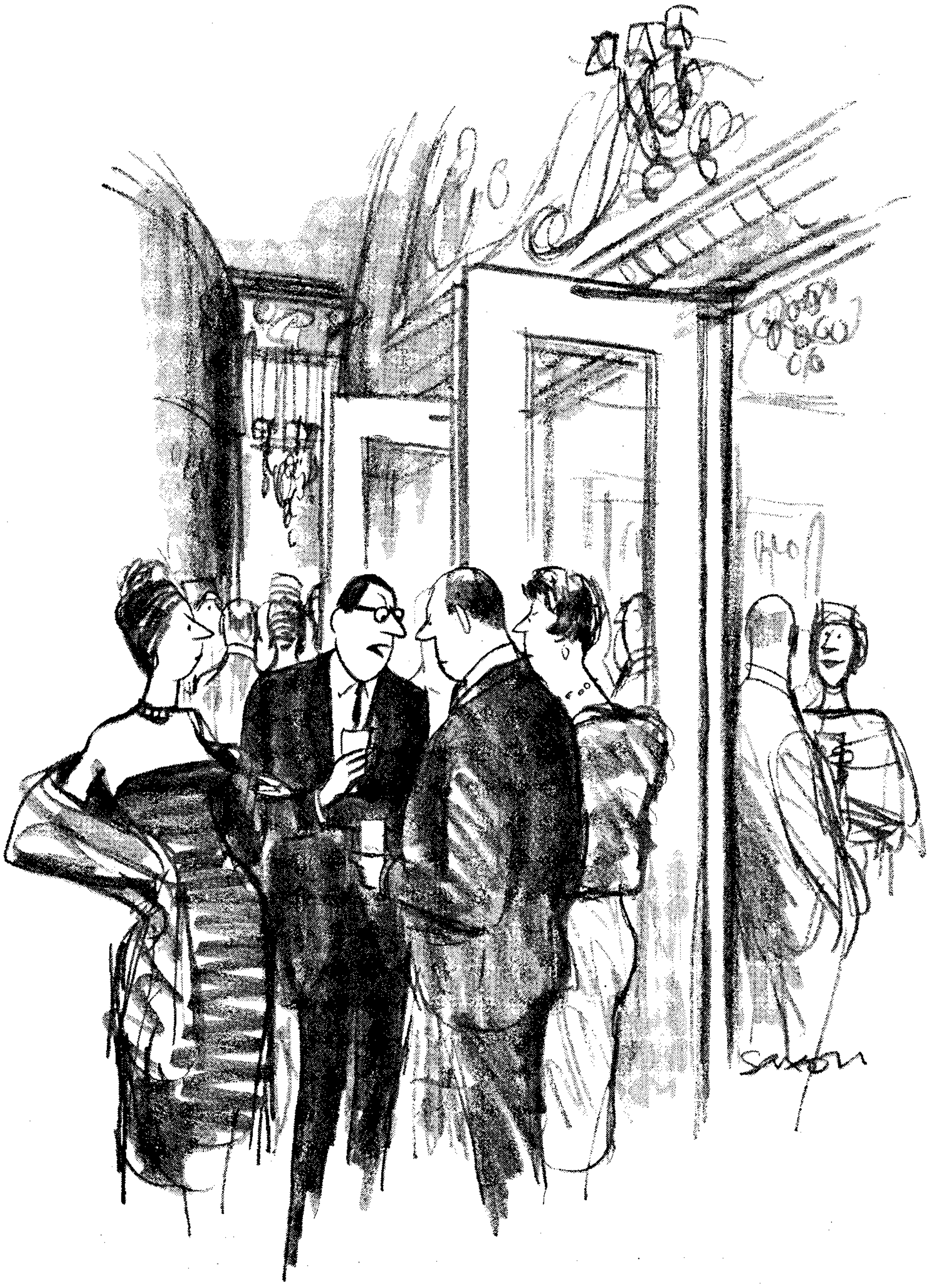
"Fine," said the father. "I'll call them up tomorrow and get a couple of seats."

With the help of a ticket agent at the Garden, he finally figured out what it was that his son wanted to see—the hockey game between the Rangers and the Maple Leafs on New Year's Day.

Environments

WE try to keep ourself and our readers abreast of the latest technological wonders—the ones we're capable of understanding, that is—and when emissaries of the Garrett Corporation came to town recently from California to demonstrate something called a "hostile-environment suit," we were among those who showed up to see what the suit was like and how it worked. It sounds far more sociological than industrial to say "We make environments," but that's what the Garrett people told us they do, and it turns out to be almost literally true. The higher man goes in planes and rockets and the deeper he goes in submarines, the more necessary it becomes for him to carry along with him his own accustomed climate. The Garrett Corporation has long made a specialty of inventing duplicates of environments according to need, and we've no doubt that if you had to journey to Tierra del Fuego to deliver a lecture on the Victorian novel and dreaded the harsh weather there, the Garrett people could run you up, for a price, the exact climate—temperature, humidity, air pressure, and the like—of the New York Public Library, or, for that matter, of your own living room.

In industrial jargon, a synonym for "environment problem" is "life-support problem," and a spokesman for Garrett told us that as a solution to the life-support problem of high-altitude flights, which was first encountered when our B-29 bombers came into use, back in 1944, his firm had devised the earliest pressurized aircraft cabins. From merely pressurizing cabins, Garrett proceeded, in the F-80 fighter planes, to air-conditioning them. (Air-conditioning is known in the trade as an environment-improving artifice.) Nowadays, Garrett spends a lot of time doing research on environments for baby submarines and space craft, particularly for such craft as the projected Dyna-Soar bombers, which will fly above the atmosphere. So far, the spokesman said, the hostile-environment suit is entirely an earth-bound artifice. It was created in answer to a life-support problem posed by the Martin Company. Martin employees handling the toxic fuels that propel Martin rockets were wearing protective suits of rubber, which were uncomfortably heavy; furthermore, the men got terribly hot inside and had to keep clambering out of them to cool off. Garrett developed what amounts to an air-conditioned suit, and the Martin men are now as merry as grigs.



"Of course, there's nothing really worth seeing this season except perhaps parts of 'Becket' and the first act of 'A Taste of Honey.'"

"Think of our suit as a complete life-support system," the Garrett man said to us. "One part of the system is the mechanical apparatus that provides a comfortable atmosphere inside the second part, which is the protective covering—nylon, butyl, or whatever—that must be worn against the hostile environment outside. In terms of ventilation, cooling, and humidity, it creates a wholly self-sustained, habitable atmosphere for the wearer. Only, he really isn't a wearer; we prefer to call him an occupant."

The Garrett man snapped his fingers, and out of nowhere appeared a pretty young lady in a bathing suit, occupying what looked like a loose skin of cellophane. On her hands were olive-drab rubber gloves, on her feet were olive-drab boots, on her head was a white sphere with a clear-plastic window to see through, and resting against what we will call the small of her back was a powder-blue box, supported by a harness from her shoulders. The girl smiled out at us and we smiled back.

"How'd you get in?" we called to her. (She seemed ever so far away.)

"Zippers!" she called back.

"Are you hot in there?" we asked.

"To tell the truth, I'm freezing!" she shouted.

The Garrett man looked slightly pained. "I'll turn the temperature up a bit," he said, and fiddled for a moment with the powder-blue box. "We expected the environment to be more hostile than it is," he explained to us. "The thermostat was set to keep the occupant nice and cool in a very hot room. We're demonstrating our suit to various utility and mining companies, and your Fire Department appears to be interested. People ask, 'What about using the suit on the moon?' Well, this particular model wouldn't be of any use up there—couldn't take the pressure, and anyhow it would be ripped to shreds on all those moon rocks." He turned to the girl. "How's it in there now?" he asked.

"Bliss!" shouted the girl.

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SIGN on a fence near Washington Square: "BE ABSTRACT."

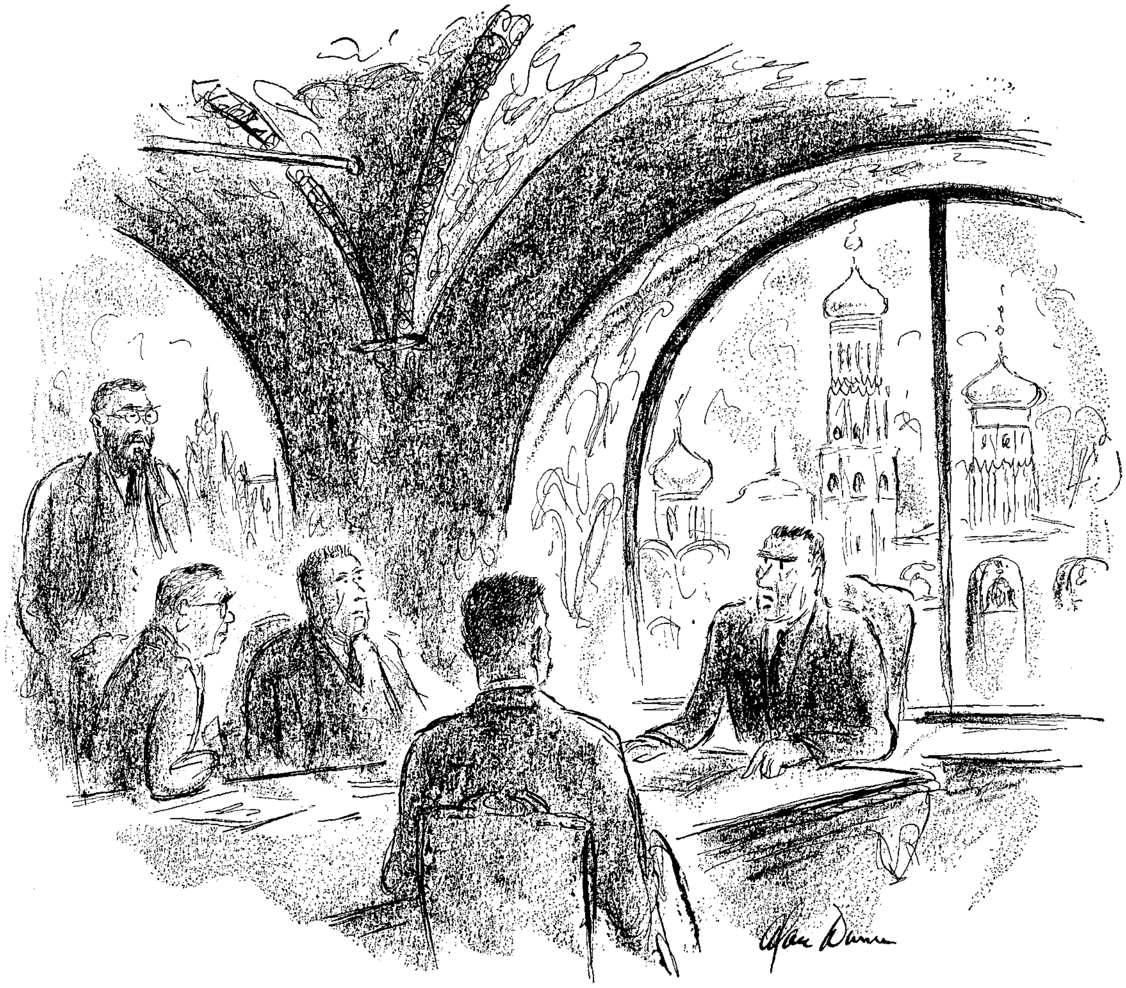
Début

WE'RE fresh from a delightful talk with Mrs. Lylah Tiffany, who, at eighty-one, has just made her Broadway début as a hundred-and-three-year-old great-great-grandmother in "All the Way Home." Mrs. Tiffany is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs ninety-one pounds, has gray-green eyes and highly expressive hands, and is as lively a little creature as you could hope to meet. Over a cup of strong black coffee in a midtown restaurant, she said she felt obliged to apologize for her appearance. "My hair is a mess!" she exclaimed. "It's naturally curly, you see, and the producers don't like it that way. They want it stringy—like an old woman's, they say—so I have to twist it about and put grease on it. Isn't it awful?"

Though Mrs. Tiffany has never acted on the stage before, she rode a trick bicycle on the stage some fifty years ago, she told us, as part of a vaudeville turn that she and her first husband put on in theatres and circuses throughout the West. "The way I got this role was most interesting," she said. "An actress I know named Marion Tanner tried out for the part and was turned down. She came to see me at Carnegie Hall, where I live, and said, 'Why, of course! *You're* the one for the part!' She took me down to meet the producers, and they called me to the theatre for an audition. They sat me down under a lot of lights, and somebody shouted 'Who are you?' and I answered, as loud as I could, 'My name is Tiffany—minus the jewelry.' I wanted them to see I wasn't afraid. I've never been afraid of *any*body. Well, they gave me a contract right on the spot. I play a hill woman old enough to be my own mother, and though the role is short, I think it's a pretty hard one. I don't talk, you see. I mumble. Believe me, it's ten times harder to mumble than it is to talk. Once, during a performance, I forgot myself and said something that could actually be understood. My, but I was embarrassed! I'm supposed to greet my little great-great-grandson, but at first I don't recognize him, and the only criticism that Arthur Penn, the director, gave me during rehearsals was that I was doing things too fast. I had to slow things down. I've made everything very, *very* slow. I move my hands out to greet the little boy, and I've learned to count all the way to sixteen before my hands actually touch his shoulders. I just sit there in a chair for the longest time, chewing on my lip—you know how old women do—and not moving my head or my hands. Finally the child comes up to me and says 'I'm Rufus,' and *then* I start reaching. Even men in the audience cry at that."

Mrs. Tiffany was born in Columbus, Ohio, the daughter of an inventor named John Murray Case, and at eighteen won a scholarship to the American Conservatory of Music, in Chicago. Upon graduating from the Conservatory, she joined a ladies' orchestra that was touring the West. She met her first husband in Spokane and quickly switched from playing a piano to stunting on a bicycle. In 1908, she left her husband, and after passing some time in Mexico City and Havana she arrived in New York, where she found work playing the piano and/or pipe organ in various movie theatres around town. In the nineteen-twenties, she was married again, to a shoe salesman named Tiffany. "We didn't get on very well," Mrs. Tiffany told us, opening and closing that chapter of her life in four seconds flat.

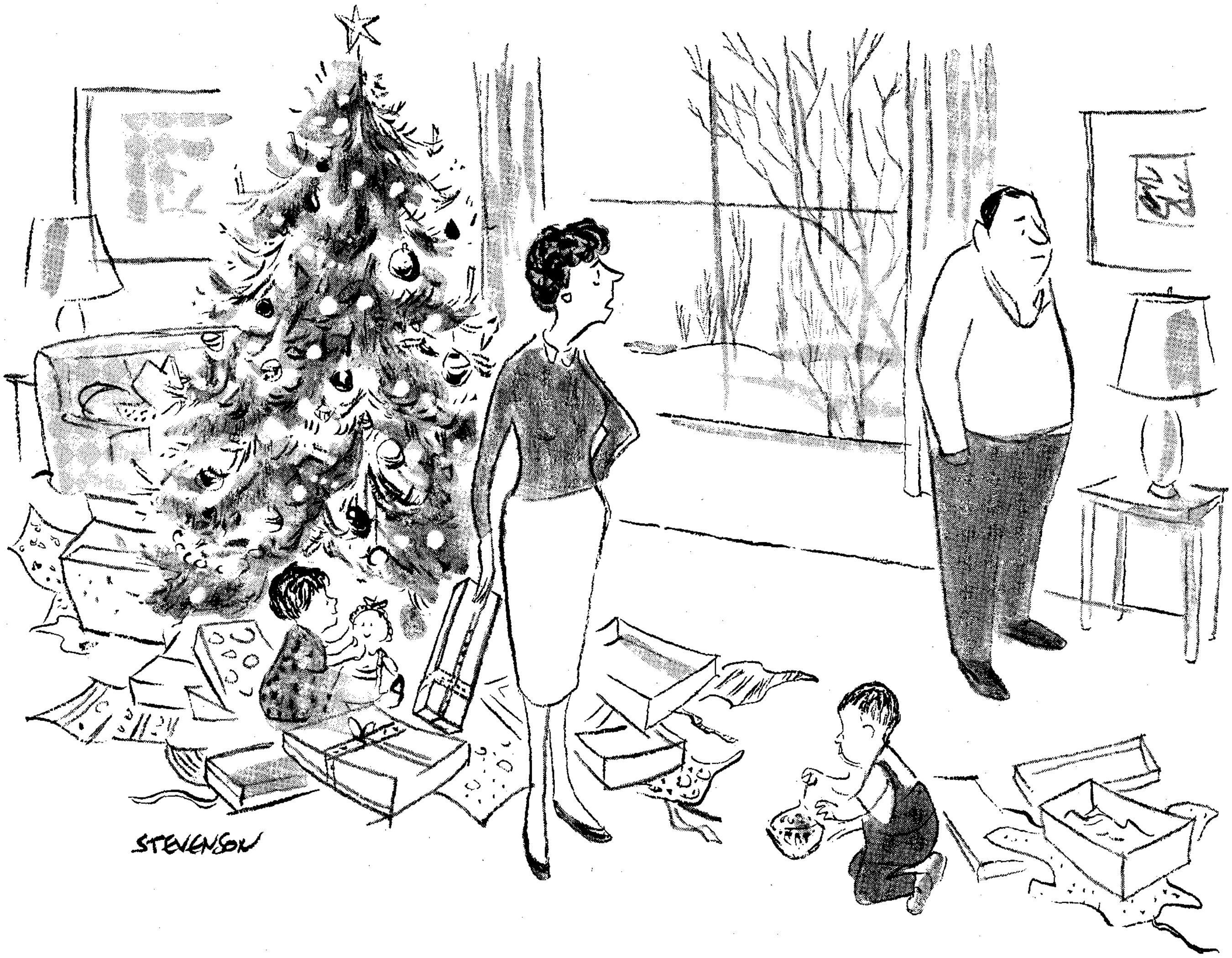
In the thirties, Mrs. Tiffany taught music for the W.P.A., and in the forties



Alan Dunn

"Comrades, the time to decide is right now. What is it we aren't going to like about Dean Rusk?"

• •



"I do wish you'd stop worrying about what sort of Christmas Casey Stengel is having."

• •

she inherited a fourteen-room house in Brooklyn and embarked on the career of landlady. "That didn't satisfy me, so I took the money out of the house and put it into a music studio in Carnegie Hall," she said. "That was a mistake. I couldn't get enough students, so I started telling fortunes in tearooms. I was in my sixties by then. In this world, believe me, you have to be resourceful. If one thing doesn't work, try another. By 1949, the fortune-telling wasn't going too well, so I took my last eighteen dollars and bought a mouth harp. I went right over to Broadway and started playing it for contributions. A woman I knew came by and said, 'Why, Lylah! What are *you* doing here?' 'Earning my living,' I told her. Soon I was able to buy a larger mouth harp, and after a few months I bought an accordion. I have to admit I was a little frightened at first, but once I got started I did well and I didn't care *who* saw me. I guess you'd say I got brazen. When I was seventy, I took sick and had to sell everything, even my accordion. It was a long time before I could afford to buy another one, but I did. For the past ten years or so, I've been playing it in front of Carnegie Hall. Two hours is about my limit these days; I'm not as strong as I was. After this play is over, I hope to get some more roles. I've had a couple of television offers already. I've written hundreds of songs, and I'm hoping I can get some of them published. Which would you rather hear me sing—my 'Superstitious Blues' or 'Today'?"

We plumped for "Today," and Mrs. Tiffany leaned forward and sang, in a thin, steady soprano:

"The present is all we may call our own,
For the past we have laid away;
While tomorrow is only a bud unblown.
We must claim our own, today."

Avon's Santa

IN Brooklyn Heights a few days before Christmas, the doorbell rang in the house of a friend of ours and there stood an Avon lady—one of those sweet purveyors of beauty aids who go from house to house trying to make housewives get themselves in shape dermatologically. This Avon lady, a plump blonde of uncertain age, looked rather overwrought, and announced that when she started out on her rounds that morning, she had had about fifty dollars' worth of creams and unguents in her kit. "And then I went down into the Red Hook section, which isn't far from here," she said, "and those poor people were just so nice to me—every apartment I stopped at, they had me in for cake and coffee—that I gave everything away."

"Well, why are you here?" asked our friend, who is a relentlessly logical sort.

"I thought," said the Avon lady, "I ought to ring one bell for the company, even though I have nothing to offer."

Our friend had her in, and they drank a toast to a Merry Christmas for all.

THE SLICKER THE VET, THE SICKER THE PET

The demeanor of the veterinarian should be serious, though friendly; somewhat aloof, though with an air of sincerity; firm, though gentle and definite in his course of action. The client should be repeatedly reminded of every single thing that is being done for his pet until it sinks in. Charges should be clearly and distinctly specified; and because neurotics are unpredictable, total payment or at least a substantial payment should be made in advance. The payment will have a further salutary effect in instilling the client with the confidence that not only is everything possible being done, but in paying for it he feels that he has done the best for his pet's benefit.

Some neurotic clients will often abuse the telephone service. It is therefore both disarming and pleasing to the client to be telephoned by the veterinarian. This is dramatically satisfying especially if the news is good. When the news is not good, the veterinarian should express deep personal concern—as if the possible loss of the pet is as poignant to him as to the owner.—*From "The Neurotic Pet Owner," a paper by A. Barton, D.V.M., reprinted in "Philadelphia Medicine."*

THE blacktop road out of Churl's Point, where they confirmed my directions, was fringed by stock farms, great barbered estates full of pedigreed Angus and Guernseys eating their heads off on the rolling clover slopes. A warm glow enveloped me as I thought of their harassed owners, advertising men toiling away over media and research in some Manhattan honeycomb to meet the feed bills. It would have been sweet to pause and gloat over their predicament, but Buddy, tethered in the rear of the station wagon, was yelping so dolorously that I decided to press on. Less than a mile beyond, I came abreast of a squat oblong of redwood with a row of exercise pens in back which answered the description of the vet's establishment. The glass-brick portico sheltered a geometrical pair of ilexes and a sign reading, "Burning Bush Animal Hospital—Walk In."

"Well, here we are, good boy," I said, with forced heartiness, untying Buddy's leash. He sniffed suspiciously, then flattened his ears and bared his fangs in a half snarl. "Come on, now," I urged, tugging him down. "Nobody's going to hurt you. Be nice." He wanted to be nothing of the sort, and, for an undersized Shetland sheepdog, managed to simulate twice his weight as I dragged him inside. The only occupant of the claustrophobic anteroom was a hard-featured blonde in slacks, holding a Pekinese. Selecting the chair opposite, I sank into contemplation of the knotty-pine wall, graced with a flyblown diploma and Senator Vest's tribute to his dog, behind her head. Within a few seconds, Buddy finished his inspection of the area around us and started edging toward our neighbor.

"Pardon me, Miss," I said as she leaned forward to pat him. "I'd be careful, if those slacks you're wearing are flannel."

She withdrew her hand, eying me with hauteur. "What's that got to do with it?"

"I was only trying to warn you—"

"I don't see it's any of your business what my slacks are made of," she said, her nostrils distending dangerously.

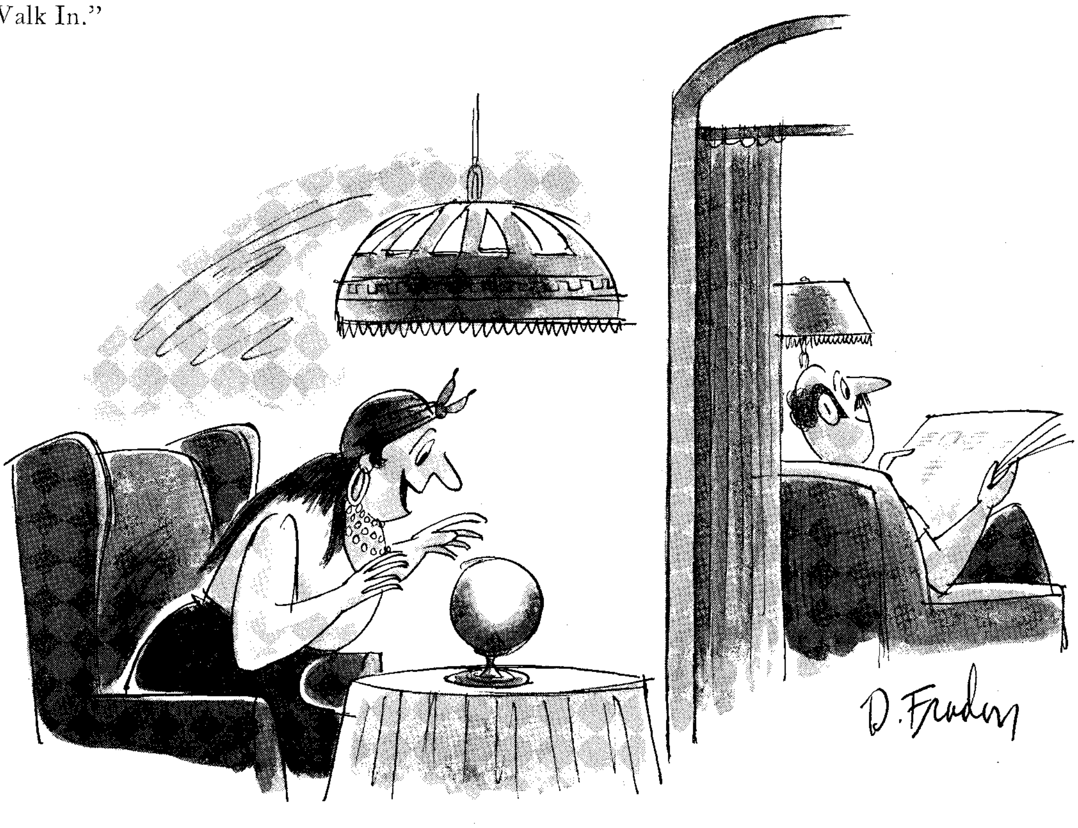
"Please don't misunderstand," I apologized. "I'll tell you why I brought it up."

"Tell your diary," she snapped, and arose. "I've heard that ploy before, Mister, and it creaks. Lucky for you my husband's in the Navy."

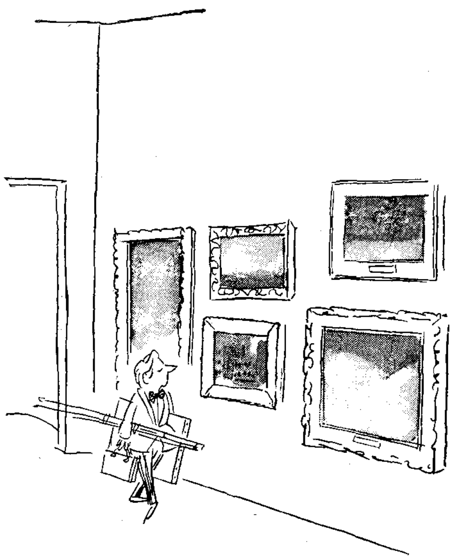
Lucky for my aplomb as well, a door at the rear simultaneously flew open and Dr. Myron Vulpein emerged. His smock and his sallow, concave face, bisected by a hairline mustache, gave him the rather anomalous look of a barber, but a duly portentous frown betokened the medical man. With a crisp injunction to follow the treatment he had outlined within, he extended a phial to the blonde. She was to further remember, he continued sternly, that every scientific resource was being expended on her pet, all the knowledge gleaned from decades of painstaking research. "Do you understand that? Has that sunk in?" he demanded. "O.K., then, forget about your pooch. He's in the lap of the gods—your conscience is clear. . . . This way, sir."

With a grimace indicative of her deep aversion for me, the lady swept out, and Buddy and I straggled into the consulting room. After a gruelling interrogation on why I had sought him out, as though I were a junkie, Vulpein bade me relate my story. I explained that my wife and I were boarding the animal temporarily for his master, an actor friend currently on tour, and that his deportment had been unexceptionable up to the previous weekend. Then, for no apparent reason, he had begun to evince a disturbing penchant for the nether garments of our guests, furtively gnawing and perforating their trouser legs under the dinner table.

"Let me get that straight," said Vul-



"Why, this is wonderful! It's June 1, 1967, and still no war!"



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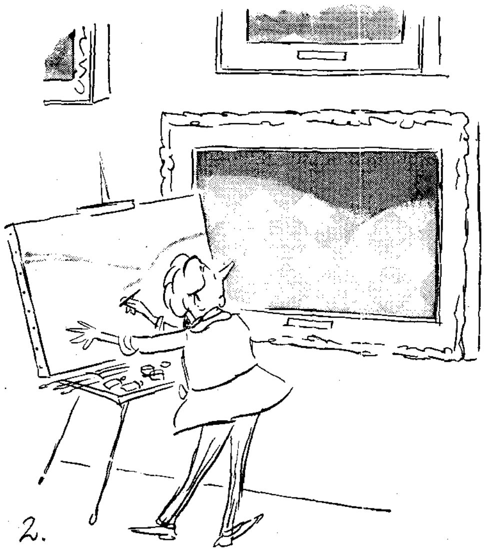

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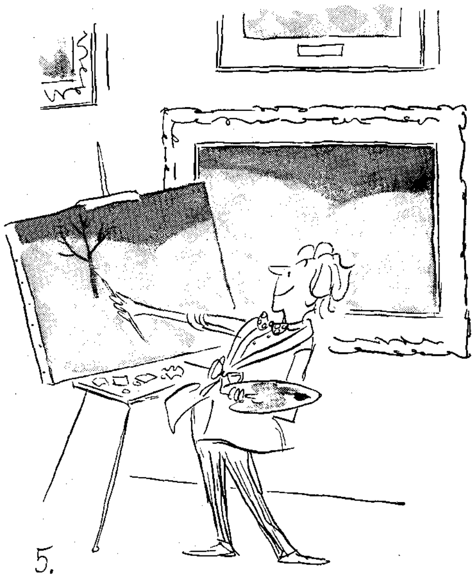

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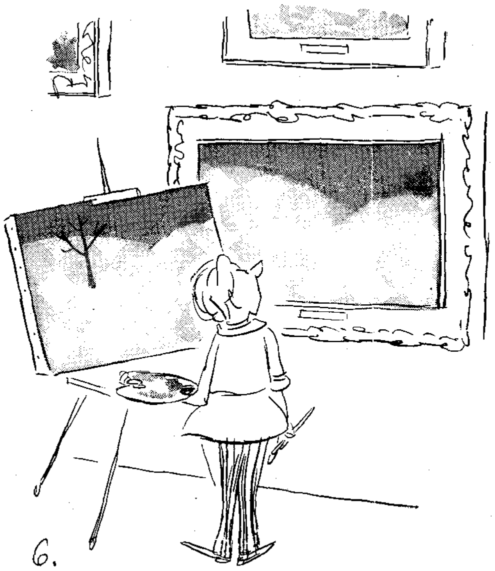

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pein. A faintly sardonic smile revealed that he had already classified me psychologically. "Did—er—anyone else besides you notice *this phenomenon?*"

"What do you mean?" I said, bristling. "The people whose clothes he ate, my wife— You couldn't *help* but notice. Their pants were full of holes."

"Of course, of course," he said soothingly. "And was that the only occasion on which he molested your friends?"

"No, the same thing happened the next night, with a whole different group," I said. "The worst of it is, you're not conscious of what he's doing. He just nibbles at the cloth, soft little bites, like fish stealing bait off a hook."

"I see," said Vulpein, joining his fingertips in Baker Street fashion. "Now, were there any other factors you consider pertinent or relevant?"

"Well—" I hesitated. "Maybe it was coincidence, but he seemed to concentrate mainly on woollen slacks and flannels. He didn't bother the people who were wearing cabardines cr gorduroy."

His eyes, narrowed in absorption, opened to betray a sudden gleam. "Mmm, highly significant," he said. "For your information, it's *gab*ardines, and *cor*duroy. Excuse me a moment—I must call one of my clients." He dialled a number, and as a reedy voice echoed from the receiver assumed a rabbinical, almost seraphic expression. "Mrs. Horniman?" he inquired. "Dr. Vulpein. I have very encouraging news for you about your parakeet. He took a little spin on his Ferris wheel this morning after breakfast. . . . Well, I wouldn't be too optimistic, but I think we're over the hump. . . . You're welcome. Goodbye." When he turned back to me, however, all geniality had flown. "From the symptoms you describe," he announced, "I'd say the animal was suffering from a serious nutritional deficiency. In layman's terms, he's not getting some vital ingredient."

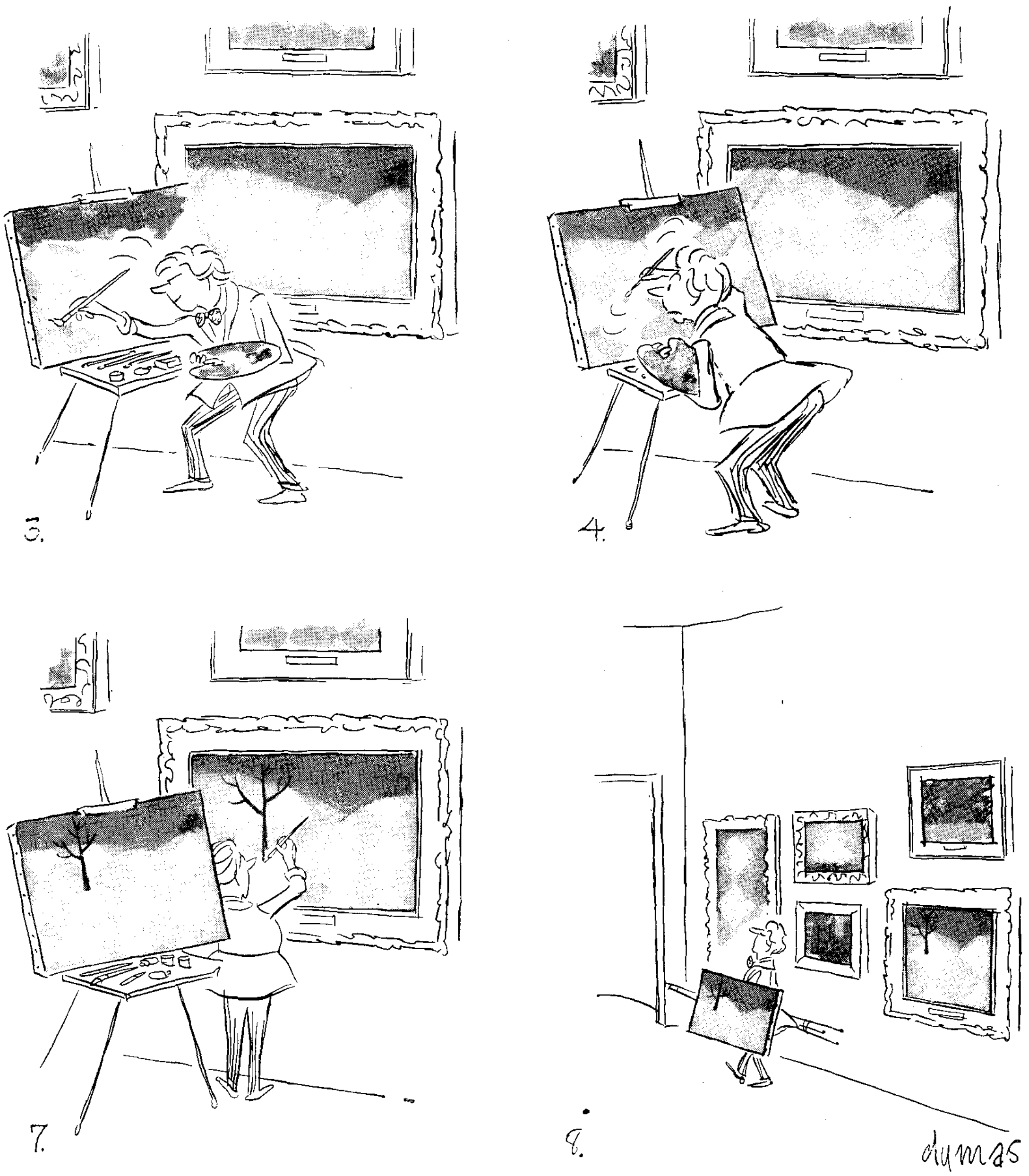
"I never knew dogs needed wool in their diet," I said, puzzled. "We feed him round ground, table scraps—"

"It might be one of a hundred things," he broke in. "Some obscure oil or vitamin in the cloth that he seeks out instinctively—we won't know till I analyze the material. I presume you brought along a swatch for that purpose?"

"How could I?" I objected. "I can't very well ask my friends to hack up their trousers. I mean, they're pretty browned off as it is."

"Well, it's not really essential," said Vulpein. "In any case, we'll have to keep him under observation here a few days to watch his behavior. That'll be sixty dollars—in advance." I opened my mouth to protest, but he quickly forestalled me. However excessive I deemed the fee, it was puny; the heartsease it purchased, the assurance that I was doing my utmost for Buddy, was incomputable. At last, in view of my limited responsibility to the beast, he grudgingly agreed to accept half the amount, and with a caveat to refrain from introspection and unnecessary phone calls, dismissed me. "He'll be on his feet in no time," he declared (a somewhat loose interpretation of the problem, I felt). "I'll ring you as soon as we have any developments to report, if not sooner."

He was as good as his word; three days later, I received a bulletin that Buddy had been allowed free access to Vulpein's table at mealtime but had caused no visible depredations. Knowing the dog's sly nature, I hazarded the opinion that he was aware he was being watched. "He's too foxy to tip his mitt to a stranger," I insisted. "Couldn't you lock him up in your bedroom, say, with an old pair of flannels?"



"Force his hand, eh?" mused Vulpein. "By jingo, I'll do better than that! You know those dummies they have in haberdashery stores? I think I'll borrow one from Guzik's, in Allentown, and duplicate the exact conditions under which he ate the material."

Whether he meant to reconstruct our dining room in its entirety—a job that would have necessitated more cobwebs than he possessed—he failed to specify, but, on deliberation, I detected a flaw in his scheme. Whatever Buddy's shortcomings, he was much too crafty to be deluded by a wax mannequin mutely posed at a table; some form of sound or dialogue was obligatory to give the scene the illusion of reality. Unluckily, the only record I had on hand at the moment was a poetry reading of Mr. Eliot's, and the thought of Buddy nuzzling the dummy to the lugubrious cadences of "The Waste Land" was inadmissible. Extensive search of the attic, though, yielded up a fair copy of "Cohen on the Telephone," which I forthwith sent along, with a chit outlining how it was to be used. When, after a lapse of several days with no contact between us, I phoned Vulpein, there was a distinct note of wariness in his manner.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Tiptop," I said, taken aback a bit. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, nothing," he replied casually. "You—er—you haven't heard any unusual voices, or noises in your head?"

"Look here," I barked. "What the deuce are you implying? I call up to inquire about a dog—"

"Now, don't get hot under the collar," he placated me. "In my profession these days, we strive for the over-all picture. If your emotional barometer's stormy, your pet may be wacky, too." Such was far from the case with Buddy, he hastened to add; despite prolonged exposure to the dummy and three changes of trouser, the animal had not ravaged a single thread. "Probably just a passing aberration," concluded Vulpein, "but I'd advise making one last check to set your mind at rest. Invite some person to dinner that he originally pestered, if possible wearing the exact same clothes. I'll bring the dog over during the meal so we can study his reactions together."

The project, as I foresaw at once, was going to be no chocolate soda; solicited to break bread again with us, most of Buddy's victims refused pointblank. Finally, Joyce and Waldo Muscatine, a couple enslaved by six poodles and hence past-experts on canine behavior, consented to attend, but I decided it would be crowding my luck to designate their attire, and I was relieved when Waldo showed up in suntans. The cocktail interlude and soup passed off uneventfully, except that I caught Waldo stealing repeated glances under the table.

"Where's that crummy sheepdog you had around here?" he queried at length.

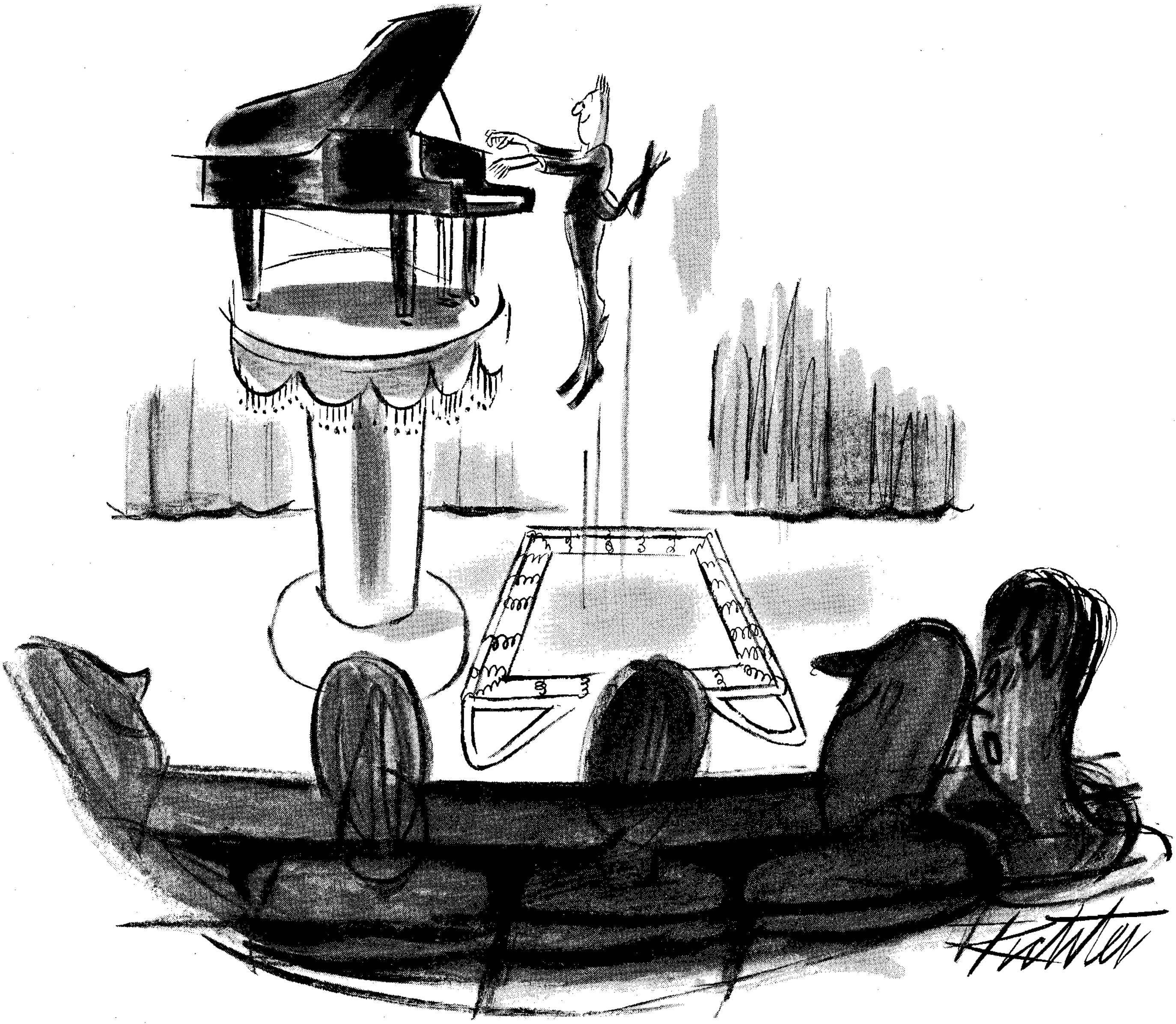
"The Shetland pup?" I said lightly. "Oh, he's over at the vet's having a checkup—at Dr. Vulpein's."

"Vulpein?" Joyce repeated. "*Myron* Vulpein?" I nodded, and her eyes protruded in horror. "That—that monster!" she exploded. "I took one of our dogs to him for a simple flea bath, and he told me I was a masochist!"

"Well, he's right," asserted her husband. "Anybody who has six dogs—"

"I don't care!" she declaimed, propelled on by Martinis. "He's a nasty, insulting oaf, and if I ever meet him again, I'll tell him so!"

"Joyce, there's something you ought to know," I began, but the doorbell cut me short. I skillfully avoided looking



"How did Ed Sullivan ever miss this?"

• •

at my wife, having seen a stone wife before, and went to answer it. Dr. Vulpein in mufti seemed even less the healer than he had during our colloquy; in his raglan topcoat and sporty porkpie, he could have been an insurance adjuster or a tout. "Er—come in, won't you, Doctor?" I said, and peered around him. "Where's the dog?"

He blinked at me, obviously reluctant to answer. "I'm afraid I'm the bearer of bad tidings," he said, advancing into the room. "He's vanished—disappeared into thin air." His voice took on a tremulous, grief-stricken quality. "I can't account for it," he said hoarsely. "We'd just left the turnpike at Cross Keys when he suddenly leaped from the car and ran into the fields. I searched and searched—"

"Well, that doesn't surprise *me!*" I heard Joyce announce triumphantly behind me. "He's got more sense than some people I've met!"

As Vulpein, perplexed, wheeled to confront her, I uttered a sound intended as a conciliatory chuckle. "Excuse me," I said. "I believe you know each other. Mrs. Muscatine, Dr. Vulpein."

"Oh, yes indeedy I know him," Joyce grated. "He's the kid who's assumed the mantle of Sigmund Freud. Haven't you, Doctor?"

Vulpein subjected her to a Himalayan stare. "I'm merely a licensed veterinarian, Madam," he rejoined glacially, "but I can recognize a hysteroid when I meet one."

"Hey, wait a minute, you!" Waldo called out, springing up. "What did you call my wife?"

Well, that was it in a nutshell, so to speak. The next thing I knew, the air was full of curt Anglo-Saxon words and women's shrieks, and two gladiators were slugging it out, toe to toe, on the Axminster. Waldo, whose myopia had not been measurably improved by four gimlets, got a swollen nose for his gallantry, and Vulpein got a summons the next day for assault, which I doubt will stand up in court. I fully expect to do so, though, when our actor friend returns from the road. He'll never believe my explanations about Buddy. He's an absolute neurotic on the subject of pets. —S. J. PERELMAN

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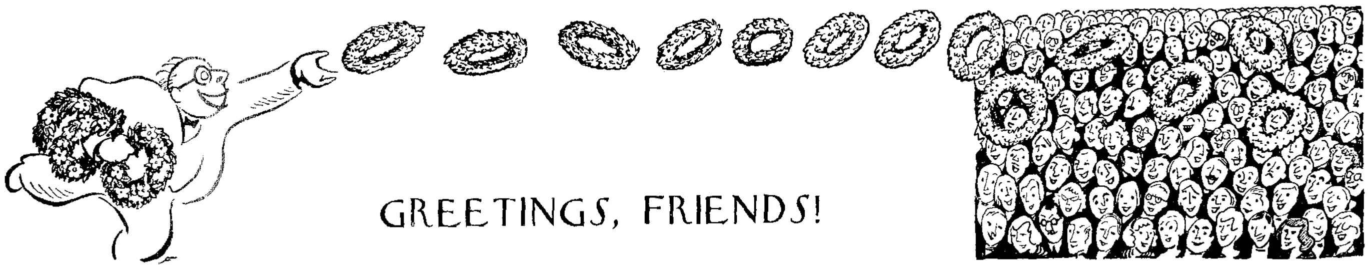
If you would enjoy mulling over more intimate details, write for the completely floor-planned and illustrated Techbuilt brochure. Just send us your name and address and 25c as a bond of friendship. —*Adv. in the Times Magazine.*

Oh, we're an unsociable cuss, if you don't mind.

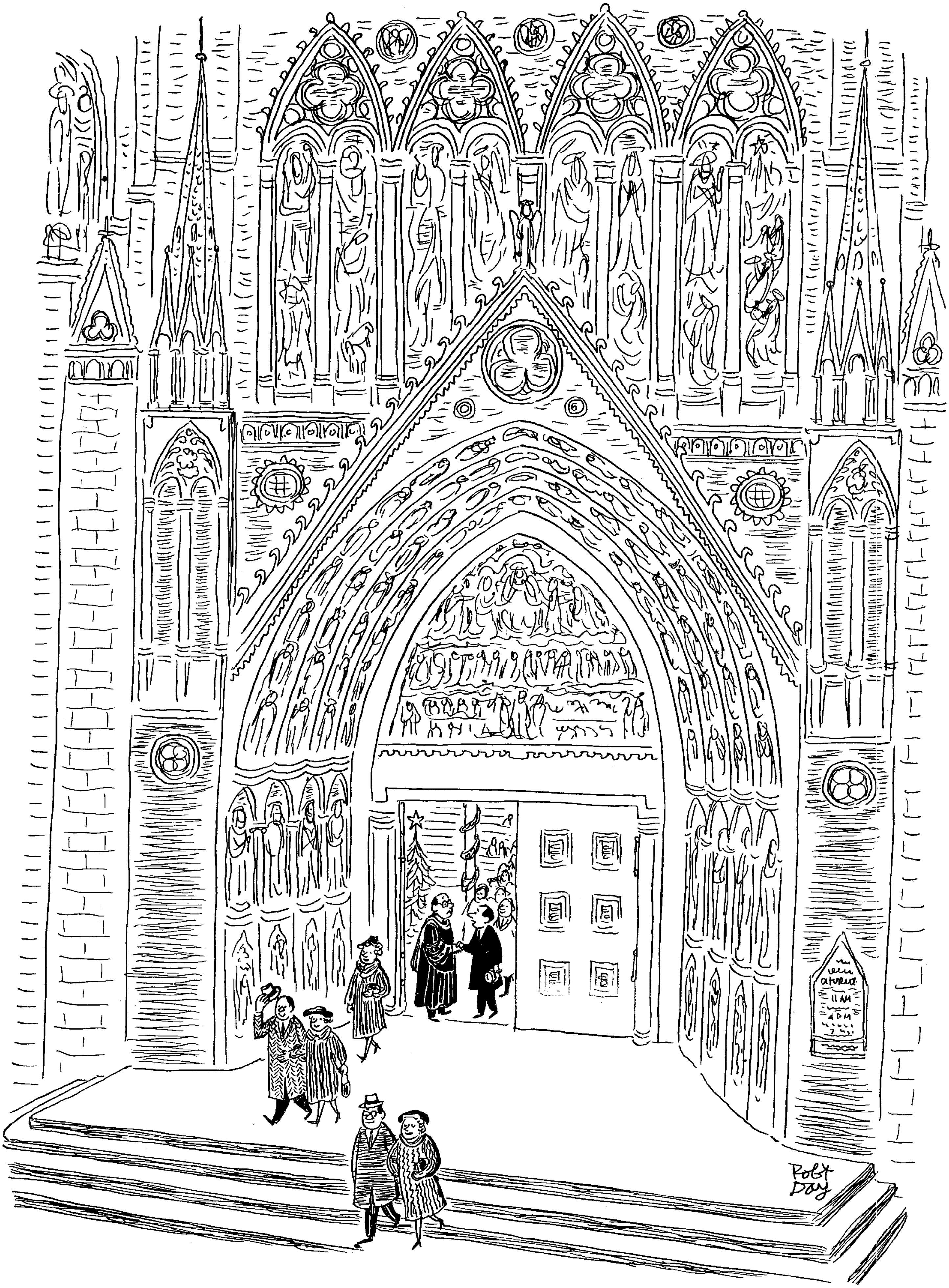
GREETINGS, FRIENDS!



Greetings, valued readers! Here's
A health to all of you, my dears!
Though half the world has gone berserk,
Though grim and fearsome perils lurk,
Hope still springs, and moves your bard
To venture anew this Yule regard.
So lift your glasses and drink long life
To President Jack and his gracious wife.
Fellow-bards, we pray you, tune your
Harps and strum for John F., Jr.
A Yule be-hollied and be-myrrhed
To Lyndon and to Lady Bird.
From every sporting Democrat
Good Christmas thoughts to Dick and Pat;
For Ike and Mamie, rousing cheers,
And health and peace in coming years.
Fill the bowl and quaff libations
To Dag and the harassed United Nations.
Here's to the Congo and Nigeria,
Cyprus, Cuba, and Algeria.
Solace to Olympic losers;
Peace to tranquillizer users.
We'll warble seasonal hoorays
In kind, if hoary, Yule clichés
For Byron Janis, Mitzi Gaynor,
Ingmar Bergman, Dorothy Maynor,
And we hope the Pirates gave due thanks
For the kindness shown them by the Yanks.
Now chorus anthems for Dawn Powell,
Martha Brooks, and Jim Lee Howell,
And pass cigars to everyone
To celebrate the Shah's new son.
Hogmanay for Conrad Bain,
Dick Van Dyke, and Martin Kane.
Happy holidays, George Pfann;
Greetings to Father Gerald Vann,
And our regards to Peter O'Toole,
Because, by Jove, he rhymes with "Yule."
May Christmas joy be Paul McCobb's.
Ah, there, Mattiwilda Dobbs!
Waits, cut loose with a rowdy paean
For that ribald spalpeen Brendan Behan,
But soft you, waits! Don't *roar* the chorus—
You want to deafen Newbold Morris?
We seize this friendly time to herald
Our warm regard for Ella Fitzgerald;
To flash an amiable twinkle
At Sheila Copelan, Lon Tinkle,
Gordon Stevenson, Stan Kenton,
J. F. Powers, and Nicholas Benton.
And may we add we're awfully fond
Of Mrs. Alice Dixon Bond?
Wassail and stuff to Tammy Grimes
And Clayton Knowles, and ring the chimes
For Joyce Redman, Eileen Brennan,
Vrest Orton, and Hugh MacLennan.
Here's a health to you, George Backer,
Here's to Detective Walter Jacker,
To Senators Saltonstall and Case,
And all who won in the recent race.
Fond regards, José Quintero,
Gore Vidal, and Escudero.
Carol an old-time Christmas air
For Peter Glenville and Jo Sinclair,
And ask the Met's Cornell MacNeil
To serenade Elizabeth Seal.
Honored Kringle, if you can, sir,
Lavish gifts on Stanley Dancer,
Gladden kids, both good *and* bad,
Be kind to Vickie Smith and Brad,
And pause in your nocturnal ramble
To bless Marise and Jamie Campbell.
We'll jubilate for Julian Bream;
We'll celebrate Yale's football team;
Tie on a happy New Year bun
In honor of 1961,
With Dorothy Stickney, John Dall,
Eve Brown, and Stanley Paul.
Merrymakers, lift your beakers
To all frustrated status seekers,
Drink to Echo and Polaris,
Lawrence Durrell and Julie Harris.
Sing for Gladys Hasty Carroll,
Patty Duke, and Eileen Farrell.
Regards from all us wassailniks
To Elliott Burch and James F. Fixx;
The same to these, from left to right:
Edith Hamilton, Anne McKnight,
Harold Connolly, Walter Lord,
Henry Jones, and Senator Ford.
Chant a glee for Delbert Mann
And Princeton's "Silky" Sullivan,
Belt out a clarion Noël
For freshman Senator Claiborne Pell,
And fondly carol out the names
Of Casey Stengel and Lefty James.
Greetings from this part-time skald
To Dr. John J. Theobald;
Homage from this ersatz *Dichter*
To Russia's virtuoso Richter.
Happy days to Walter Terry,
A. P. Herbert, Leland Sterry,
Harry Carman, Lee Tracy,
St.-John Perse, and Sean O'Casey.
Here's to Denmark's king and queen;
A Yule huzza for Martyn Green,
Adelaide Bullard, El Roy Face,
And Colgate's prexy, Everett Case.

Peace to Hungary and Poland!
Up, the U.N.'s Frederick Boland!
Ring out the old, and ring in Jack!
Crowd on all sail, no looking back!
Come, mates! We'll start with verve and cheer
The settling of the New Frontier!

—Frank Sullivan


11 AM
4 PM
Robt Day

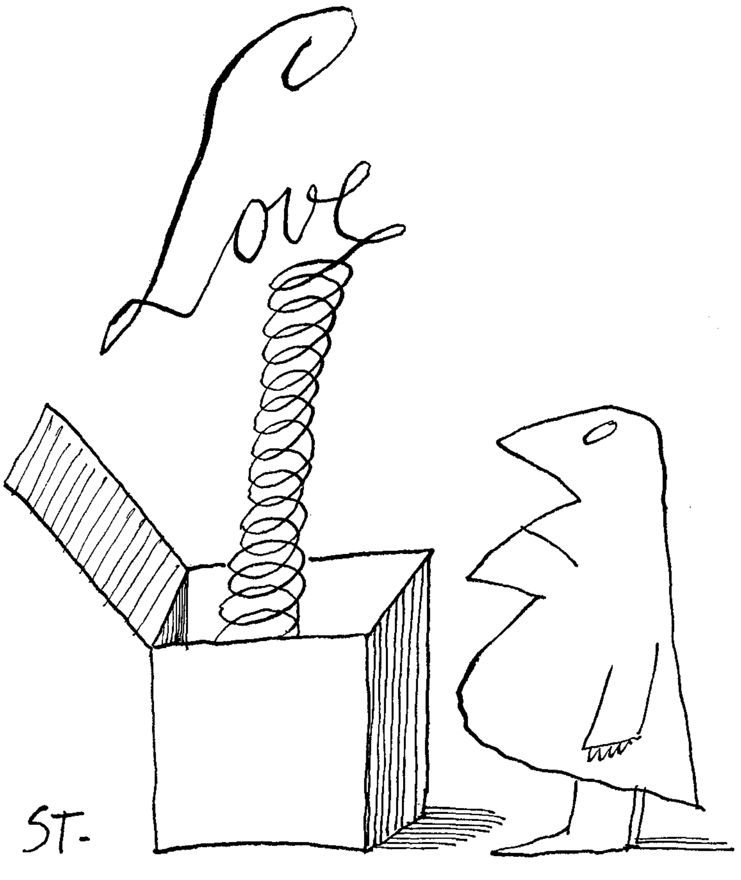
“What is myrrh?”

MONEY AND THE GENERATIONS OF MANKIND

It must be with many men (he said) as it has been with me. For a long time, ever since I first began to know words and the meanings of words, this word "generation" simply meant a crowd of people of my mother's age, another crowd of even older people like my grandfathers and grandmothers, and a new crowd of young people like Lois and myself. Until the other night, when I started thinking about money and then got into this subject of the generations of mankind, I never thought of "generation" as being a noun that designated something that comes from the action of a verb, a transitive verb. Johnny probably knew this when we were freshmen, but the subject never came up in any one of the extended conversations we used to have about all kinds of things, and now Johnny is dead, like my father. Johnny died without having had a chance to make his contribution to the generations of mankind, but my father lived long enough to contribute one son, yours truly. At any rate, when you think of this word as I do now—as a noun connected with a transitive verb—you realize that the generations of mankind are not certain age groups arranged in tiers that go backward to your distant ancestors but are something men project forward into the future by generating children. For example, my father's father belonged to what my father, before he generated me, no doubt called his father's generation. But it may be that when my father knew my mother was going to have me, he realized that his father and his father's contemporaries belonged to an age group that had been generated by *their* fathers, and that it was not his father's generation at all but was his grandfather's generation. Thus my father and his contemporaries generated me and the members of what, until the other night, I had been calling "my" generation. Actually, of course, it is not "my" generation. On the contrary, my contemporaries and I are the generation of our fathers. In other words, we are something our fathers generated. And you, Lois, sleeping there in the back seat of the Galaxie as I drive home on this moonlit evening in December of 1960—you, Lois, will be, before the coming spring turns to summer, the mother of my generation, my first generation. If it's a boy, as both of us hope it will be, he will no doubt think of the generation to which he belongs as "his" generation until he reaches my age and my condition—or, rather, until he reaches my age and his wife reaches *your* condition, Lois.

I'm just going to talk along here in the driver's seat, in this practically inaudible monotone, knowing you're asleep back there. I can always tell when you're asleep—as long as I'm awake, that is. When I'm awake, you can be sleeping and then you can wake up in the shadowy illumination from the street lights—which is not unlike this moonlight that I'm only vaguely aware of now, though it was so bright on the snow, and is still shining up there in the sky above us as we drive home to Tenafly. You wake up in our bed in Tenafly and your breathing is the same and you don't move because you're afraid of waking me in case I should be asleep and for the same reason you don't speak or light a cigarette, but almost the moment you wake up on these occasions I know you're awake and then you know I'm awake, although I haven't moved or said anything, and then there we are in each other's arms. Everybody I know in what I erroneously have been calling "my" generation has twin beds if they're married, and I'm aware that my fellow-workers in the trust department of the bank who have been out to see us for buffet supper, and have been shown around our apartment, look at us in a slightly different way after they've seen our double bed. But the funny thing is they don't quite know whether we are naïve and are behind the times or whether we're what they call sophisticated and ahead of them. They don't know but what our way may be the ultra-ultra-upper-class way in vogue among the young marrieds on Fishers Island or some place neither they nor we have ever been to. There's nobody but each other we can laugh about such things with, Lois—except possibly my mother, and she's in Paris—but, as far as I'm concerned, that makes it all the more enjoyable, and I think you feel the same way.

It might be still more enjoyable—in some ways, at least—if my mother lived somewhere within weekend distance, so we could what she calls "sit under a tree and laugh and scratch" with her. And in view of the fact that you can't stand *your* mother but certainly hit it off with *my* mother the one time you met her, when we were on our honeymoon over there, it might be one of those Good Things if she broke her resolution not to start playing the role of a mother-in-law or a grandmother until we have not one but two of my generations in the room we'll call the nursery in the house we haven't built yet. But when you come right down to it, neither of us has any complaints about the way things are. What I feel about Johnny not being around can hardly be called a complaint, as I understand the meaning of that word, any more than I would call my feelings about my father a complaint. My father hasn't been around since he jumped or fell, as the New York *Times* put it, from that window I glance up at almost every time I walk through Wall Street on my way from the subway to the bank. But there is



no denying the fact that it would be *still* more enjoyable, in every way, if the right front wheel of Johnny's M.G. hadn't flown off when he was avoiding that cat on Route 9-W on his way down from Haverstraw to see us, and it would be still *still* more enjoyable if Robbie Clarke hadn't jumped or fallen and was still around—providing, of course, he was the sort of guy my mother says he was. All I really know about my father is what I read in the papers. And since he shuffled off his mortal coils, as somebody would put it, in 1929, when I was one year and forty-three days old, the papers were pretty high, as we say in the game-eating set, when I got around to reading them. We could have laughed about a lot of things with Johnny and no doubt with Robbie Clarke, but they're both dead. Eventually, I feel sure, we'll have a friend or perhaps a number of friends like Johnny, and, according to my mother, the head of the Fidelity-Nassau trust department—Mr. Gibson—is something like the kind of man my father might have been if he was around now. Eventually I may get to know Old Gibby as well as she says she used to know him when she was a bride and my father and Old Gibby were starting at the bottom in Wall Street by learning how to be bond salesmen.

You understand, Lois, that I am thinking about money in general, my memories about money and my feelings about it—not about money in particular, such as our household budget, the special savings account we started just about seven months ago this week, or any of that everyday stuff connected with money in particular. I am approaching money from an entirely different angle or, rather, from a number of entirely different angles, with the idea of straightening out my thoughts on the subject. My early memories of money are largely connected with coins such as pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters, and, as far as these coins are concerned, it must have been with many boys of my age as it was with me. I learned to differentiate between them by sight and feel, and it was not only the feel of a quarter, for example, between the fingers but also the feeling of *knowing* there was a quarter in my pocket. Now that I am grown, my attitude toward money is an orderly one. I keep track of what I earn and what we spend and of what I have invested and what we get out of that. When in the course of human events and in my fifth month as a trainee of Old Faithful Fidelity-Nassau I served my time as a paying and receiving teller at the branch on Sheridan Square, I was soon able to think of the considerable sums of money I paid out and took in—the former mostly in cash and the latter in both cash and checks—as representing money that was in no way connected with money that belonged to me. Within a comparatively short time, and with what I believe to have been no more than a reasonable number of impulses that I was easily able to overcome, I ceased to think, for example, of a disbursement of, let us say, fifteen hundred dollars for the payroll of the expensive Franco-Italian restaurant around the corner, or the receipt of, let us say, thirty-four hundred dollars from the electrical-appliance store on Sixth Avenue. I mean to say, I ceased to think of these as sums of money that would have been more than ample as a down payment on a Cadillac or first-class passage for two on a cruise in the Mediterranean, respectively, but simply as the stack of fresh, crisp bills in denominations ranging from one dollar to fifty dollars, or as the deposit made up of checks and a considerable number of more or less soiled bills of the smaller denominations and a quantity of pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and half dollars. I learned to accept the fact that the important thing, as far as I was concerned, was not how much money this might be in relation to our household and personal expenses in the so-called bachelor's apartment on East Tenth Street in which we were then living but how accurately I must count these funds before handing them out to the restaurateur and how accurately I counted the deposit of the appliance store before initialling a deposit slip representing my receipt of those particular funds.

And where, oh where, did my feelings about invested money come from? Out of what my mother used to call Robbie's File, of course. Ever since I can remember, I'd been carrying around in the back of my head a mixed-up image of Robbie Clarke dying suddenly in "that dreadful Wall Street panic," and I pictured it as something like a shipwreck or an earthquake, until those Christmas holidays I spent with my mother at the house in Yardley P. A.—the one she was going to put up for sale, she said, as soon as she thought I was old enough not to need it as a home base. That was the year I was assistant editor of the *Lawrence* at school, and I was full of talk about going to work for *Time* when I was through Princeton and had the four-year pilot thing in the Air Force behind me; I was going to be a foreign correspondent. It was on the morning after the night I had talked so

THE MAGUS

It is time for the others to come.
This child is no more than a god.

No cars are moving this night.
The lights in the houses go out.

I put these out with the rest.
From his crib, the child begins

To shine, letting forth one ray
Through the twelve simple bars of his bed

Down into the trees, where two
Long-lost other men shall be drawn

Slowly up to the brink of the house,
Slowly in through the breath on the window.

But how did I get in this room?
Is this my son, or another's?

Where is the woman to tell me
How my face is lit up by his body?

It is time for the others to come.
An event more miraculous yet

Is the thing I am shining to tell you.
This child is no more than a child.

—JAMES DICKEY

• •

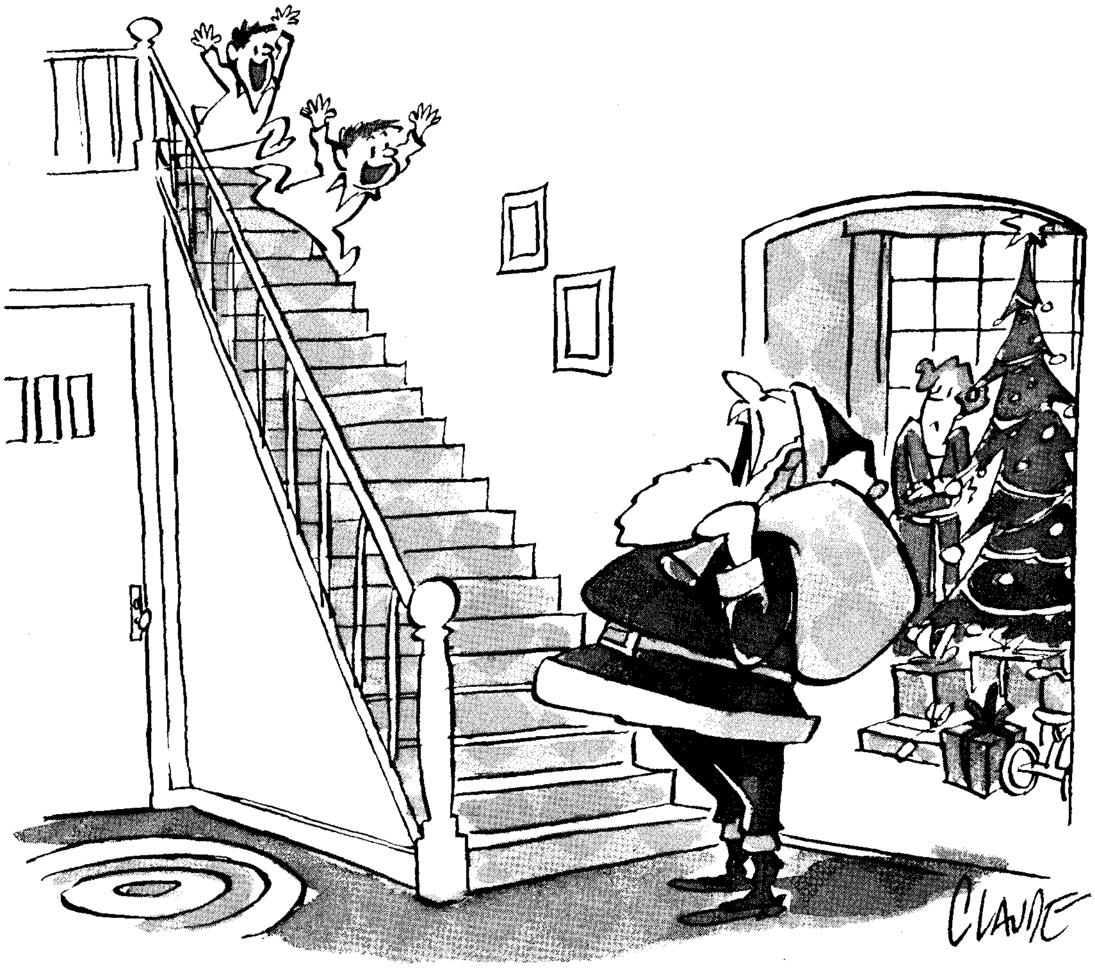
"They're broiling shish kebab in the living-room fireplace. Make up your mind. Do you want to go or don't you?"

much about that to my mother and whoever was there for dinner that my mother brought Robbie's File to my bedroom and put it in my suitcase and told me she thought it was time I knew everything there was to know about my father and that it was all there in the file for me to look at when I got back to school. "You see, Son, he jumped out of his office window on Wall Street in that dreadful panic, because he thought it was the only thing for him to do," she said. "It's all there in the note he left me, which never got into the newspapers, and the clipping from the *Times* is there, too, saying he jumped or fell, and as you get to know more about money and investments and things like that, you'll be able to see from his private papers in the file why he thought there was nothing else for him to do." We went for a walk along the Delaware and she talked a lot about Robbie and what a fine guy he was, but all I was thinking about was what he felt like when he was falling through the air, and I asked her what floor his office was on, and she said the thirty-fourth and that she hoped she hadn't told me about this too early in my life but that she had always been afraid I might hear about it from somebody else sometime and she wanted me to hear about it from her. She wanted me to learn all about it from what was in the file, so I'd know the truth and not some rumor, because the truth was easier to face up to and feel my way through than something that wasn't the truth. It was my mother's way of doing it, and it was probably a pretty good way, all things considered, and I have considered all things. His note was short—"Dear Louise, I couldn't start all over. You'll see from the financial summary I just wrote down and am enclosing herewith that there is nothing else for me to do unless I can start all over and I can't start all over."

The financial summary showed that all his paper profits of three million and a half in stocks had been wiped out in the crash, along with what he had considered to be his real fortune in bonds, and that he'd borrowed money with the house in Great Neck as security, and that, although he had no other liabilities, the only money he could leave to her was the hundred thousand for which his life was insured, and that it was a long-standing policy that had to be paid even if the question of suicide arose, but that in all probability the question wouldn't be raised in his case, any more than in the cases of the two friends of his who had jumped or fallen the day before—one in Pine Street and the other in Rector Street. He was thirty-three years old, a year older than I am now, Lois, and in one way or another everything I've done since that Christmas has been connected with him—not in what I'd call a morbid way or anything of that sort but I suppose in a way that is essentially hard and tough. I already knew something about investments and stocks and bonds from my prep-school course in economics, but I got to know an awful lot more about them that year. I took the file with me back to Lawrenceville, and I studied the day-by-day records of Robbie Clarke's financial affairs from the time he quit working his way through Rutgers in 1917 and went to Plattsburgh and then to France as a second looey in the A.E.F. and on to the time he went to work as a bond salesman in Wall Street and on through his quick success as a broker and his marriage and the house in Great Neck and the arrival of me. And a year and forty-three days after that, the only thing he could think of doing was to jump, because he couldn't start all over.

Studying those old records became something like a hobby with me, only I never said anything about it to anybody, not even Johnny. I got the picture of all Robbie Clarke's investments and the margin account that wiped him out and every stock and bond he owned outright or on margin and how it all added up in the end to an exact balance of no liabilities and no assets except the money that would be paid to my mother after he jumped. I knew how long it took a falling body of a certain weight to go from the thirty-fourth floor to the sidewalk and for how many seconds the human mind is likely to retain consciousness after it starts to fall—and fall he did. He jumped and then he fell. The last photograph of him is the one on the Promenade Deck of the Île-de-France with my mother the year before I was born, and there he always is, on the top of the file, where my mother put a copy of the photograph. He has a straw hat cocked over one eye, like that old actor Maurice Chevalier, only he looks like a young fellow of my age.

My thoughts and feelings about money and the generations of mankind are connected with all that, in one way or another, and I wasn't surprised when I was a junior at Princeton and the interviewers came around from Old Faithful Fidelity-Nassau that I decided to be interviewed by them; nor was I



"Don't run down the stairs!"

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surprised when *they* seemed surprised that I knew as much as I did about investment banking. I wasn't surprised when I was hired fresh out of the Air Force, in 1954, at forty-seven hundred dollars a year, or that I knocked off the raises one after another, so that my present seventy-six hundred ain't so bad, as the saying goes—not to mention the very neat little capital of twenty-three thousand that my mother presented me with when she sold the house in Yardley, after she went to live in France. The gold bullion I helped to haul from the vaults in the basement of our main office to Brink's armored cars on the sidewalk of lower Broadway, when I was going through my first weeks as a trainee, is gold to me, Lois, just gold; but the money that grows on paper in the trust department and becomes a part of the money that runs the bank and tells the talking money what to say is the money I have a feeling for beyond any other kind of money. And I don't wonder any more, I haven't wondered for years, whether Robbie Clarke should have done what he did; I just know he did, and that the time he was conscious when he was falling was very short indeed as time goes. With so much to think about and remember and so many thoughts about the future that he wasn't going to be around to take any part in, his mind must have been just a jumble, with too much in it for any pain to get through when he started to fall, and when he hit the sidewalk he couldn't have been conscious, according to medical students I talked to. He probably felt nothing more than Johnny did when the M.G. flipped three times on 9-W, and the skull at the top of that six-foot-four basketball star's body was smashed like an electric bulb, before Johnny could think or feel anything at all, except maybe that he had missed that cat. And I am my father's generation, and I have generated a new generation, and although Johnny didn't generate any babies, as far as we know, before he died, he put some kind of stuff into the heads of a lot of his friends. This stuff grew and is still growing, and this stuff will in time generate new stuff in the heads of people who come in contact with those friends of Johnny's and with the new generations I and Johnny's friends are beginning to generate. And I wasn't even Johnny's best friend. I guess Al Harlan, who became an English professor and is trying to write novels, was his best friend, but, anyway, we all got these flashes, or whatever they were, from Johnny at one time or another, each of us a different flash—a burst of talk that came out of Johnny at some time in some place and that stuck in the head and grew. We all gave out bursts of talk, of course, and it may be that it is only because Johnny is dead, like Robbie Clarke, that the bursts he gave out before he died are remembered by all of us and are growing in our heads all the time. But I don't think it was the dying that makes Johnny what he is to us today. It was his being so obviously and undeniably a man who was going to be so great he couldn't possibly die young or by accident but only when he was very old and only when he was ready, and only then after he'd said one more thing to a world that sat at his feet.

Coming back from a weekend Johnny spent with us at the house in Yardley, the first and only time he met my mother, we stopped at a broken-down old bar-and-grill on the edge of Trenton, and, over a beer, I told him I'd decided to be a banker, to go into a big bank in Manhattan and ease myself gradually up to the top of it. That was when I got my flash from him. And although almost all of his words have gone, the feeling of those words—how I felt when he gave me a picture of what it could be like to be a good man at the top of a big bank, telling the talking money what to say—is in my head, is growing there, and sometimes when I feel it all over again like this, I know I've got to let down the flaps and come in for a landing. That's a peculiar thing about the flaps on an airplane. You put them down when you're taking off, and they help you to get off the ground. And when you're coming in from being high in the sky and are ready to land, you put them down again and they help you get back on the ground. Now, when the traffic light ahead of us changes from red to green, I'll start talking louder, or maybe I'll sing a song, Lois, so you'll wake up gently with my generation inside you as we start into the long hill that leads down to Tenafly. —St. Clair McKelway

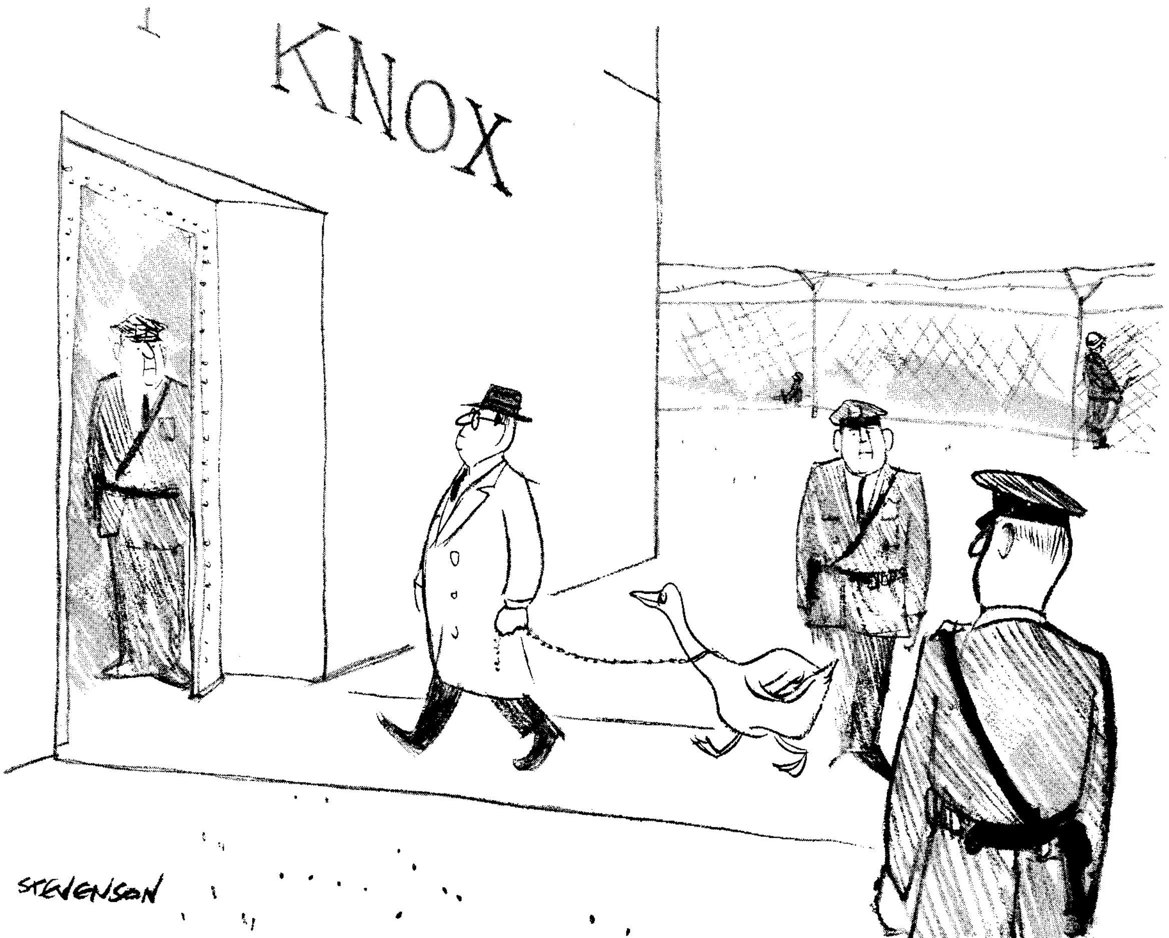
BON APPÉTIT, OR WHAT'S EATING WALTER KERR?

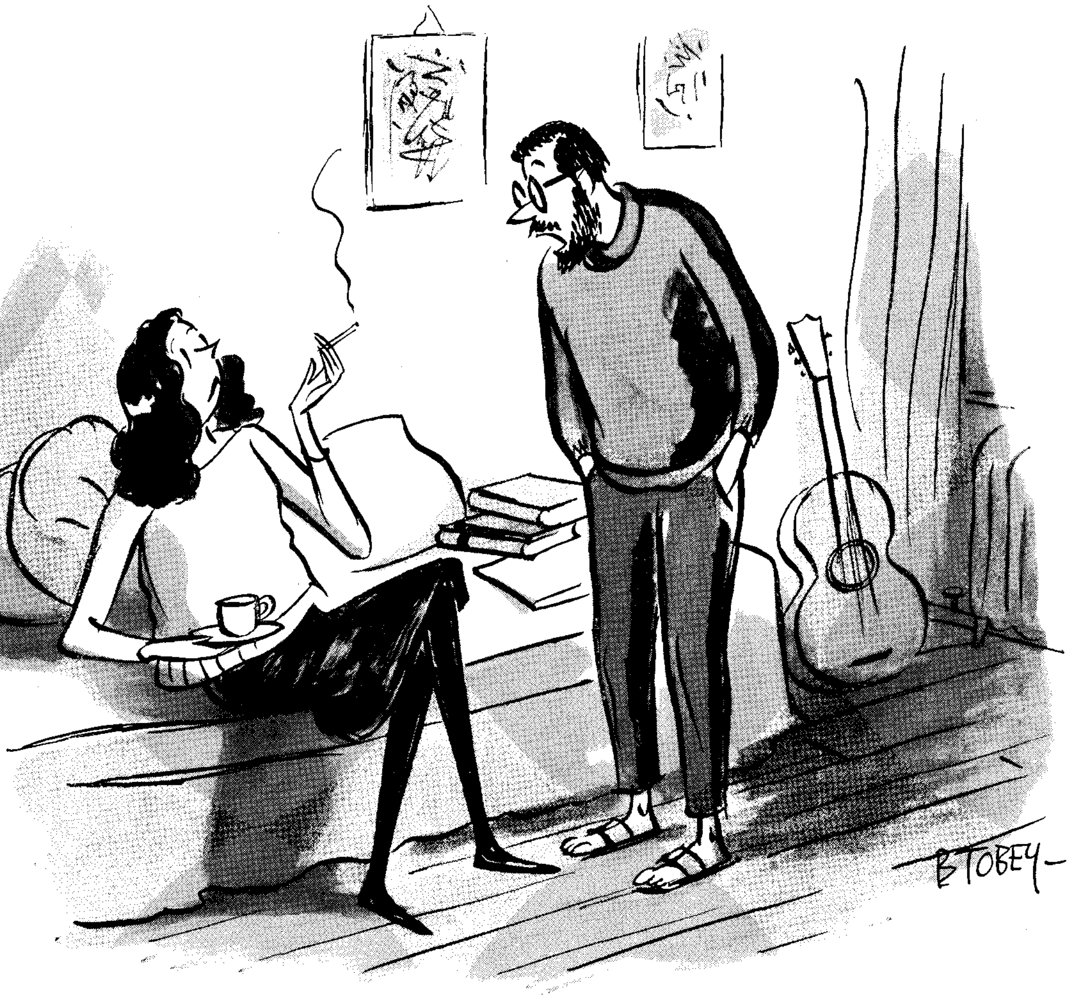
MY usual breakfast is a cup or two of black coffee, drunk as I glance through the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*. This is not a very nourishing start for the day, but it has always sufficed—that is, it did until a few months ago, when, on putting down the *Tribune*, I felt a distinct pang of hunger. A week later, I felt the same pang at the same moment. Somewhat alarmed, I took note of the fact that I had just finished reading Walter Kerr's review of "The World of Carl Sandburg." I am a great admirer of Mr. Kerr's, and it had not occurred to me that it was he who had made me suffer in this fashion the week before. Still, I couldn't help but wonder whether it was something in his column that had given my middle a turn. Little guessing that I was on the edge of a minor discovery about myself, and what I believe to be a major discovery about Mr. Kerr—one that the distinguished critic himself may not yet have made—I read his review a second time, and found expressed therein the hope that someone would someday write "a sirloin steak of a play" for Bette Davis.

Had the steak set me off? That seemed a plausible explanation, and I would have forgotten the whole business had I not felt the telltale pang for a third time on the morning of September 21st, as I was reading Mr. Kerr's appraisal of "The Hostage." The play, he said, is "a *pot-au-feu*" and "a broth . . . stirred with a witch's ladle" by Brendan Behan, "an original piece of salt." On September 28th, Mr. Kerr was saying of Margaret Rutherford, in "Farewell, Farewell Eugene," that "she resembles a shark about to feast on a bather," and two days later he gave me a particularly painful time with his review of "Irma La Douce." Irma is a *poule*. I had read Mr. Howard Taubman in the *Times* a few moments earlier, and he had translated the word for me as "prostitute." Mr. Kerr called her a "chicken," adding that "she convinces you there is nothing left for you in life but to wrap her up and take her home, Southern-fried." According to Mr. Kerr, the music of "Irma" is "jelly-roll" and the play has "no staying power, no hearty filling inside the showy meringue." The following Sunday, he was back on "The Hostage" and was more compulsively cracked on food than ever; each character in the play, he said, was "eager to get a bawdy song under his belt," while the author was out "to make hash" of certain proprieties and a "mulligan stew" of Gregorian chant. "Everything on the menu is malicious," Mr. Kerr wound up, while my stomach went on contracting.

IT was along about then that I realized I had stumbled on something important. I'm no scholar, but I remembered having read, in college, about the clusters of images that Caroline Spurgeon had found in Shakespeare, and what she thought they could be made to reveal about the great man. Wonderful to have a key to Shakespeare, but not to be sneezed at was having a key to Kerr! It was plain that he was making me hungry; far more striking was the, to me, certain fact that he was hungry himself. Something was eating him, or, rather, *he* wasn't eating *some*thing.

I was determined to pursue my inquiry into the Kerr unconscious at any cost, and to fend off my hunger as I read him I got into the habit of taking a piece of buttered toast at breakfast. Fattening, but it was worth it, for on October 5th I was able to read, with scarcely a twinge of discomfort, Mr. Kerr's review of "A Taste of Honey." He reported that it deals with people who are "living hand-to-mouth and making a bad meal of it." "It doesn't taste like honey," he said. "It tastes like vinegar spiced with ginger." And in a subsequent Sunday piece he called it "a disillusioned slice-of-life, with no butter," which made me feel all the wiser for having put butter on my toast. The opening scene in "An Evening with Mike Nichols and Elaine May" struck Mr. Kerr as "a delicious bit of nonsense," in part because it had to do with a mother who was "a real trial, a man-





"It wouldn't work out, Nina. Basically, I suppose, I want a girl just like the girl who married dear old Dad."

• •

devouring whine." I asked myself what Caroline Spurgeon would have made of "man-devouring whine," but could not stay for an answer, because the next thing I knew Mr. Kerr was calling my attention to the lemon-almond soup served in "The 49th Cousin," and to the importance of a certain stove in the set. (So far this fall, he has called my attention to three stoves, one kitchen sink, one refrigerator, one bar spoon, a couple of forks, a couple of knives, and a fair assortment of plates and other chinaware.)

I HAD become accustomed to putting cream in my coffee and jam on my toast by the time Mr. Kerr saluted the lines of "Invitation to a March" as having "the snap, crackle, and pop of your favorite breakfast food," and observed that "Miss [Eileen] Heckart first moves onto the stage as though she were being served for dessert," and praised "The Unsinkable Molly Brown" as "well done, with French-fried potatoes and salad thrown in on the side." Tammy Grimes, he said, is "topped by a head of hair that looks as though the whipped cream had drowned the sundae"—considering the source, the greatest of compliments. On November 7th, Mr. Kerr's culinary fever seemed to reach a new high; he found the Amazon queens of "The Rape of the Belt" jointly "delectable," with Queen Hippolyte "an animated question mark covered with sugar" and Queen Antiope "an ice-cream delight," given to "strawberry repose."

I hardly need say that throughout this whole period I was using Mr. Taubman as a control. When Mr. Kerr noted in respect to Evans Evans, an actress in "The 49th Cousin," that she "likes party sandwiches with the crusts cut off," Mr. Taubman said of her that she is "a Nordic-looking dazzler." To Mr. Taubman, Queen Hippolyte was "amusingly indolent" and Queen Antiope "pliable, yet acute"—which is a long way indeed from strawberry repose. Again, Mr. Kerr described Miss Lois Holmes, in "Hedda Gabler," as turning in "a rounded dumpling of a performance," while Mr. Taubman said that she "brings gentle dignity to Julia Tesman." Dignity! Who would take dignity when he could have a rounded dumpling? Not poor hungry Mr. Kerr.

Food fever was still rising in Mr. Kerr's review of "Advise and Consent." Over a plate of bacon and eggs, I read that "it would be like taking a roll-call in Washington to try to tick off all those meat-eating players." Ed Begley is a man who was passed over "while the plums were being handed out." Henry Jones "expresses his contempt as though it were the immediate product of a dose of bicarbonate of soda." Chester Morris has "a distaste for scandal." Kevin McCarthy was mentioned as "sucking in his lower lip and spitting out queasy venom," while Richard Kiley wrestles with "a libel-fed grapevine." (Taubman: "Among the senators are Ed Begley as a craggy man of principle, Henry Jones as a shrewd, soft-speaking Southerner, Chester Morris as a troubled party leader, Kevin McCarthy as the rabble-rouser, and Richard Kiley as the principled, tragic figure.")

High as the fever seemed at that point, it was destined, before it encountered a seasonal lull, to go still higher, and in Mr. Kerr's review of "Marcus in the High Grass," which came out on November 22nd, he showed signs of breaking down altogether; starvation had sent the id racing and foaming in over the helpless superego, and Mr. Kerr began his review as follows: " 'Marcus in the High Grass' . . . is, I think, a play about food. At least the principal character, who is about thirty-eight years old, spends quite a lot of time eating roses. Takes them right out of the vase and eats them. It also turns out that the only thing he can remember about his youth is the day his daddy went out and beat a peach tree to death. And when he looks around him at all the other characters on the stage, there's only one thing they remind him of. 'Mashed potatoes,' he screams, 'that's what you are—mashed potatoes!' "

The lull, which had to come, oc-

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curred, significantly, between the surge of November 22nd, two days before Thanksgiving, and December 5th, a week and a half later. During this interval, Mr. Kerr mentioned food only three times in his daily reviews and once on a Sunday, always in subdued terms. On November 23rd, "The Premise" reminded him of Nichols and May, and prompted him to muse quietly that "they have got the nation eating out of their hands." On Sunday, November 27th, while discussing "Advise and Consent," he said, with an all but perceptible shudder, "There is white-maned Henry Jones drinking milk as though it were raw meat." On December 1st, he observed of "All the Way Home" that "The fire is sandwiched between two slabs of unsalted bread. Good bread, but without the savor that has stirred us." And, perking up, he found in "Little Moon of Alban," on December 2nd, ". . . a saucy doctor—played with real savor."

Then, on December 5th, Mr. Kerr reviewed "Camelot." "The wicked Morgan Le Fey," he said jubilantly, ". . . explains that her edible castle is paved with wall-to-wall roast beef," and he went on to characterize the show as "the ambitiously rich musical mélange that the chef and the cooks of 'My Fair Lady' have now set down upon the round table."

As spellbound as ever, and relieved to find Mr. Kerr his old hungry self once more, I decided that the time had come to terminate my researches. I did so after checking a final time in his review of "Send Me No Flowers," on December 6th. Mr. Kerr did not fail me. He called the play "an amorous tidbit," spoke of its "luscious details," said that David Wayne trotted out all the hypochondriac jokes "that any two collaborators could hope to cook up without putting Bennett Cerf out of business" (Mr. Taubman had described the jokes as "mostly about illness and mortality"), and dismissed the current theatrical season as "half-baked."

AS I sit listening to the snap, crackle, and pop of my favorite breakfast food—for I have one these days, and very delicious it is—I have plenty of time to speculate on what lies behind this curious semantic compulsion of Mr. Kerr's. My belief is that there are two possible explanations: one, Mr. Kerr has been on a diet since early last September (possibly abandoned over Thanksgiving); two, he and Mrs. Kerr have taken to having dinner after the

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theatre instead of before. But with all respect to scholarship, I hesitate to introduce the second possibility, because I hesitate to introduce Mrs. Kerr. She is a writer, too, and there's no telling what an investigation of her work would disclose. I note that on the dust jacket of her latest book, "The Snake Has All the Lines," she and her husband are said to live in a "gingerbread" house, and I recall that the title of her earlier best-seller was "Please Don't Eat the Daisies." These things are catching. Still, my speculations are only that. If Mr. and Mrs. Kerr can give me a sounder explanation, I'll be glad to eat my words. —SUSAN M. BLACK

•

Surayya falls in love with Dr. Ishrat Hussain and marries him, but the marriage is not consummated for two years, because Dr. Ishrat adores his deceased wife Talaat, and every evening he observes the ritual of kissing and hugging her photographs, clothes and other effects.

One night when Dr. Ishrat comes home after attending a serious patient, he finds convincing evidence that his wife, Surayya, has committed adultery with one Dr. Jamal, notorious for his amorous escapades. The result is a coronary attack.

He is treated effectively by his friend and class fellow Dr. Nasir Ali, nicknamed "Sahib," a specialist in heart diseases. Sahib provides additional evidence that Surayya has in fact committed adultery. Sahib is a confirmed woman-hater. He narrates the story of his love loss, and advises his friend Ishrat to divorce Surayya, in order to prevent future coronary attacks. Ishrat is reluctant.

Sahib interviews Surayya, who admits having committed a sin against love. Sahib curses and reviles her in a most savage manner. But . . .

Dr. Jamal, while under the effect of alcohol, frankly confesses his deliberate breaches of medical ethics and social moral code, committed on what he calls "humanitarian" and "compassionate" grounds. At the same time he makes some remarkable and thought-provoking observations on medical practices, medical education and certain other matters.

Read the free and frank discussion on various topics by doctors at a dinner, and the strange reminiscences of their college days.—*From the jacket of a novel published in Karachi.*

We will the minute we're over this coronary.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

NORTH TONAWANDA, N. Y. (UPI)—Joseph Lovria, 53 years of age, who spent a night drifting in an open boat on Lake Erie, had a quick answer for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at nearby Fort Erie, Ontario.

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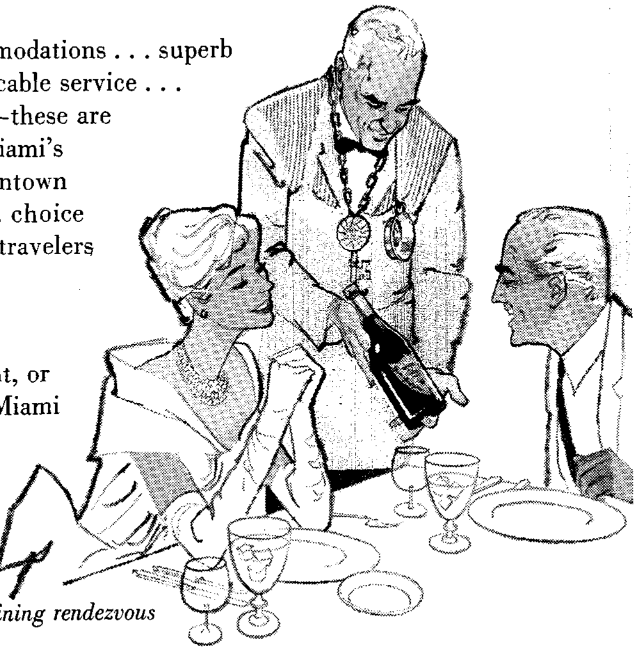

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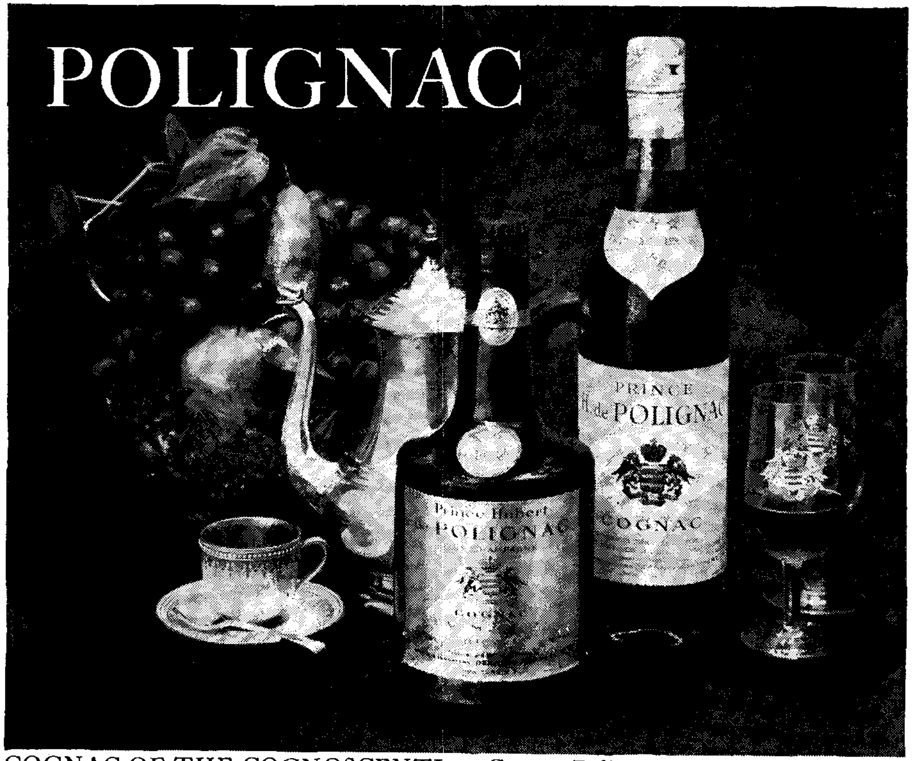

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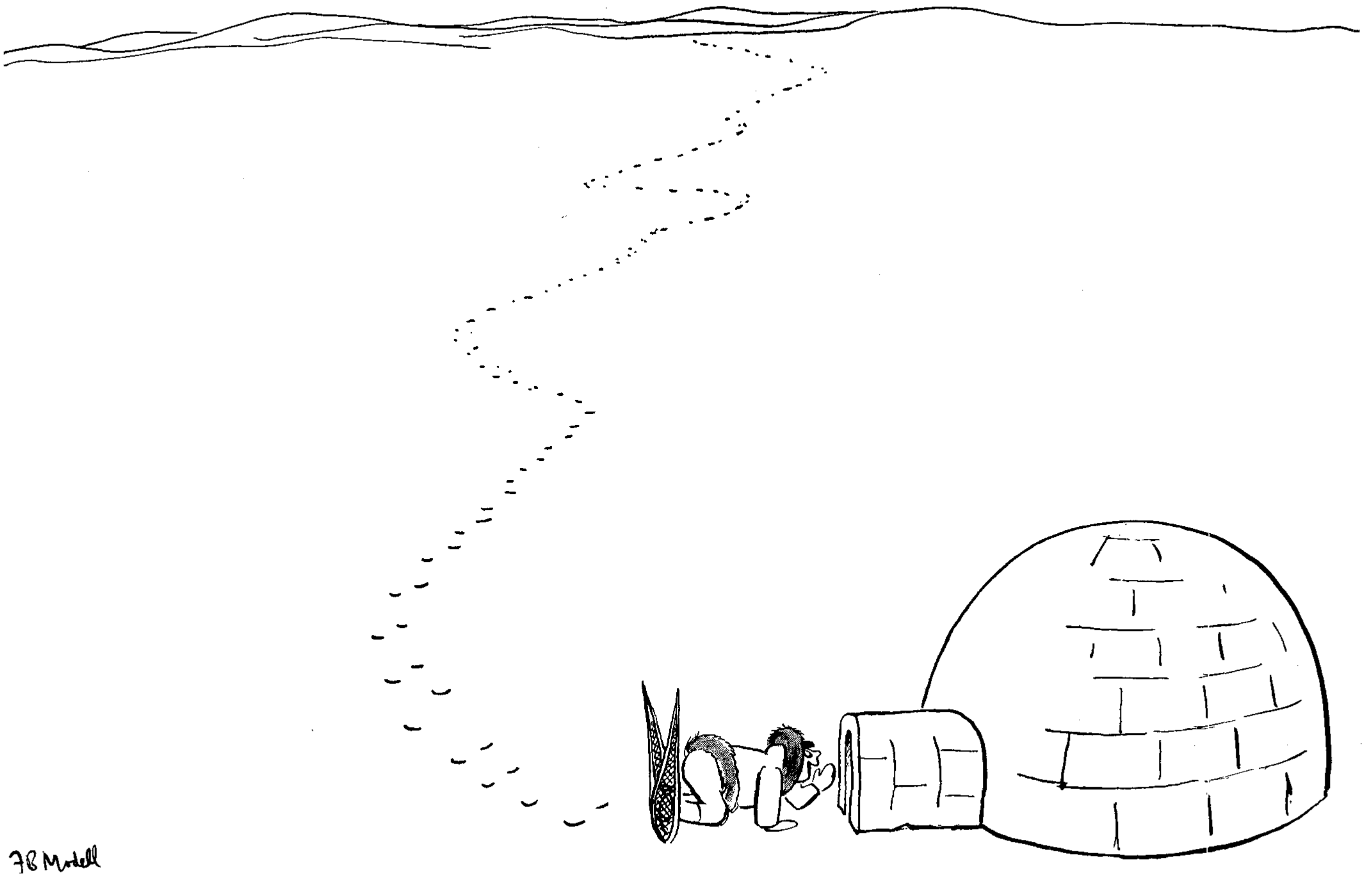
THE THEATRE

NO STRIKE

As the musical comedy "Wildcat," now resident at the Alvin, nears its final curtain, there is a scene in which a swarm of performers tear down a ramshackle cabin and then make use of the lumber to erect a derrick for an oil well. The mechanical ingenuity displayed by the actors in this portion of the show is engrossing, and it's too bad that the same thing cannot be said about their exertions prior to the climax. But the truth of the matter is that "Wildcat" hasn't much to offer in the way of lively song, dance, or merriment, and musical comedies cannot live on manual dexterity alone. The book, which was put together by N. Richard Nash, presents as its heroine the Wildcat of the title—a would-be promoter who roams the oil fields of the Southwest in a Stutz Bearcat, confident of someday bringing in a gusher. She goes around in dungarees, talks tough, and likes to think she is just as hardboiled as any roustabout. However, like so many of the female primitives we get acquainted with on the stage, she has a soft heart—evidenced by the fact that a desire to help her crippled sister is what stimulates her avarice. Sauntering along, the play eventually involves our tomboy with a giant of the oil fields, whose name is Joe Dynamite, and who claims to be Irish, although his brogue, when he remembers to use it, sounds rather spurious. While Wildcat chases Dynamite, and a gentle young Mexican woos the sister, assorted complications are introduced, none of them worth detailing, and every now and then the oil country echoes with the noisy songs and pounding rhythms so dear to the outdoor types of the theatre. Although the music, by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics, by Carolyn Leigh, are hardly memorable, a couple of the numbers—"What Takes My Fancy" and "Give a Little Whistle and I'll Be There"—are quite bouncy, and so are a few of the dances, arranged by Michael Kidd, who also directed the production.

As the heroine of "Wildcat," Lucille Ball is pretty and vivacious, but the role doesn't often give her an opportunity to strut her comic stuff, and when it does, the plot almost invariably takes a twist that requires her to turn rueful. She is at her happiest, I think, cutting up with Don Tomkins, in the role of an old squatter, to the tune of "What Takes My Fancy," and she steps about friskily in a fiesta scene that occurs at the beginning of the second act. Besides Mr. Tomkins, Miss Ball is supported by Keith Andes, as Joe Dynamite; Howard Fischer, as a sheriff; Paula Stewart, as the lame sister; Clifford David, as the sister's suitor; and Edith King, as a lunatic oil-field dowager. They are all agreeable.

"Critic's Choice," the comedy by Ira Levin at the Ethel Barrymore, has as its hero the reviewer of drama for a daily newspaper. I think he might be described as atypical. He is suave and handsome, lives in a duplex so spacious that it requires a revolving stage to project its elegance, is an utter devil with the ladies, and pours his opinions into a recording machine in order to



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CLASSICAL SUGGESTIONS

MUSIC OF WEBER, DE FALLA AND RAVEL
Ravel: BOLERO; ALBORADO DEL GRACIOSO
De Falla: THREE CORNERED HAT (Three Dances)
Weber: INVITATION TO THE DANCE
Paris Conservatory Orchestra – Albert Wolff CS 6077

Ravel: DAPHNIS ET CHLOE—Complete
Chorus of The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden and London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux
CS 6147

Wagner: DAS RHEINGOLD—Highlights – DIE WALKÜRE, Act II—Highlights
Kirsten Flagstad George London; Set Svanholm; Otto Edelmann and others with Vienna Phil. Orch.—Georg Solti.
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Gilbert & Sullivan:
H.M.S. PINAFORE—Complete
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Beethoven:
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Puccini: LA BOHEME—Complete
Renata Tebaldi; Carlo Bergonzi; Ettore Bastianini; Cesare Siepi; Fernando Corena and other soloists with Chorus and Orchestra of L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome, cond. by Tullio Serafin.
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Delibes: COPPELIA AND SYLVIA SUITES – Highlights. L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Ernest Ansermet CS 6185

Moussorgsky:
PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION
Liszt: THE HUNS—Symphonic Poem
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande – Ernest Ansermet CS 6177

Verdi: AIDA—Highlights
Renata Tebaldi; Carlo Bergonzi; Giulietta Simionato; Cornell MacNeil and other soloists with Singverein der Gesellschatt der Musikfreunde and The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Herbert Von Karajan. OS 25206

Beethoven:
PIANO CONCERTO No. 5 "Emperor"
Wilhelm Backhaus—Vienna Philharmonic Orch. Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt CS 6156

Brahms:
PIANO CONCERTO No. 1 IN D MINOR
Julius Katchen—London Symphony Orchestra—Pierre Monteux. CS 6151

POPULAR SUGGESTIONS

FRIML AND ROMBERG IN CUBAN MOONLIGHT
Stanley Black, Piano, with Latin American Rhythms. Friml: *Sympathy; Love Everlasting; Indian Love Call;* others. Romberg: *Romance; Wanting You; One Kiss; Lover, Come Back To Me;* others. PS 191

SONGS TO REMEMBER
Mantovani and His Orchestra. *With These Hands; Faraway Places; A Very Precious Love; Jamaica Farewell; Tenderly; Blue Star; Gigi; When I Fall In Love;* others.
PS 193

DANCING WITH ROS
Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. *Magic Is The Moonlight; Cuban Love Song; Brazil; Toku; Lua Do Brazil; Te Quiero Y Ole; Tony's Cha Cha Cha; Pao Pao Cha Cha Cha; Divina Mujer;* others. PS 205

IN A MONASTERY GARDEN
(The Immortal Works of Ketelbey). The New Symphony Orchestra of London – Robert Sharples. *In A Monastery Garden; Wedgewood Blue; In A Chinese Temple Garden; Sanctuary Of The Heart; Appy 'Amstead;* others. PS 186

MY VERY GOOD FRIENDS
THE BANDLEADERS
Ted Heath and His Music. *Sing Sing Sing; When It's Sleepy Time Down South; You're Driving Me Crazy (What Can I Do?); One O'Clock Jump;* others. PS 174

THE SOUND OF MUSIC
Edmundo Ros and His Orchestra. *The Sound Of Music (Cha Cha Cha); An Ordinary Couple (Mambo); Maria (Schottish); Edelweiss (Merenque);* others.
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AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE GRENADIER GUARDS
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OLD HEIDELBERG
Will Glahe and His Orchestra with Choir. *Freut euch des Lebens; Schön ist die Jugend; Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust; Im grünen Wald, da wo die Drossel singt;* others. PS 150

FILM ENCORES—Vol. 2
Mantovani and His Orchestra
The High And The Mighty; A Certain Smile; Friendly Persuasion; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; (Que Sera, Sera); Tammy; Be My Love; others. PS 164

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Mantovani and His Orchestra. The Music of Stephen Foster: *My Old Kentucky Home;. Camptown Races; I Dream Of Jeanie;* others. The Music of 19th Century America: *Home On The Range; Yellow Rose Of Texas;* others. PS 182

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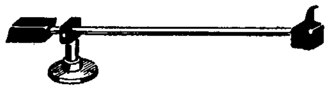

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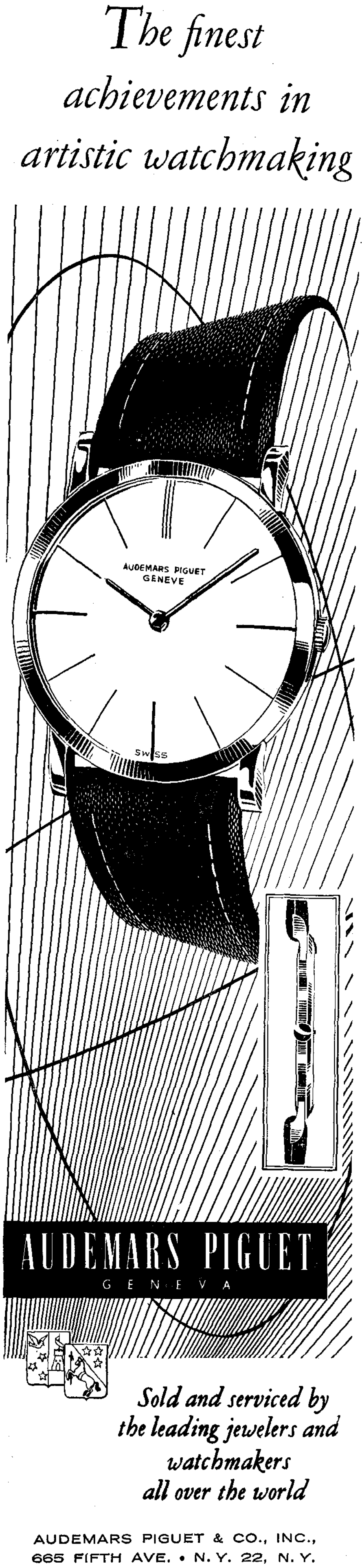

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avoid the vulgar effort of tapping them out on a typewriter. But life isn't all beer and skittles for this stylish gent. He is saddled with a precocious son whose sophisticated prattle could very well be introduced into a brief in favor of infanticide, and with a wife who has that dread disorder *cacoëthes scribendi* and is determined to inflict upon theatre audiences her reminiscences of a jolly bunch of eccentrics led by her Uncle Ben (not the rice man, it develops). To add to our critic's troubles, his former wife (an actress and the mother of the unsettling brat), who left him because he disparaged her performance as Helen of Troy, turns up in the course of the enterprise. Now, it happens that the Uncle Ben mishmash is regarded as hot stuff by some foolish producer and accepted as Broadway fodder. What, then, shall our critic do? He knows that the play about Uncle Ben is worthless, but shall he put that in the paper and get his wife all upset, or shall he pass the buck to his assistant, an unfortunate fellow who has to cover the works of Brecht, O'Neill, and Ibsen off Broadway? You may be sure that our lad has integrity, and sticks to his professional muttons, come what may. You may also be sure that all kinds of intramural japes, none of them particularly interesting, are included in the script of "Critic's Choice."

There is a lot of will displayed by Henry Fonda, as the critic; Mildred Natwick, as his mother-in-law; Virginia Gilmore, as his former wife; and Murray Hamilton, as a director who takes a shine to the critic's spouse. But Mr. Levin hasn't given them much way, and that's about the sad size of it. I'm afraid, too, that in inventing the roles of the son, played by Eddie Hodges, and the wife, played by Georgann Johnson, Mr. Levin has permitted misanthropy to get out of hand. As designed by George Jenkins, the comedy is pleasant enough to look at, however unlikely the critic's environment, and the direction, by Otto Preminger, is occasionally lively.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Rebs 'n' Yanks

IT is unlikely that the impending Civil War Centennial festivities will produce anything quite as fervent and portentous, or of such unrelieved artistic density, as "Borak," a verse play by Robert D. Hock, at the Martinique. "Borak," whose title is not a pun but the name of the high-ranking Union officer who is the play's hero, is incon-

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testable proof of Mr. Hock's stamina, for he has managed the considerable feat of composing a full-scale verse play entirely devoid of poetry. To be sure, there are lines aplenty in "Borak" that simmer with metaphors and similes and iambic feet, and that seem to ring like bells. But take these songs out of the air, out of the mouths of actors who impressively shake their jowls and speak like cannon, and you find inspirations worthy of the campus, from which "Borak," born and bred at Yale, should never have strayed. You find, in short, such stunning imagery as things that "crackled like fire" and a sky "as tight as a drumhead." The Civil War is "this bloody burlesque" and "this unshaven affair," while war as a whole is "a tireless turnkey to the doors of memory." Conversations are carried forward with "Fist the stars and roll them in the valley" or "Have you noticed how the clouds hang over us like sacs of blood?"—an arresting variation on "Bum day, isn't it?" An imminent eclipse calls forth "The sun has placed the moon in jeopardy." The moon, indeed, is mentioned in vain several dozen times, along with ravens, who appear to infest Mr. Hock's imagination. In any event, these tendrils are wrapped about a subject that has long been dear to Civil War students—the schizophrenic family, one leg in blue, one in gray, that is disastrously reunited on the battlefield. The opposing elements here are Colonel Matthew Borak's two sons, who complicate matters hopelessly by spying and getting caught (the Confederate one) and by committing treason (the Union one). And you can guess what respected, white-haired colonel with the initials "M. B." just happens to be responsible for meting out their punishments (death, of course), which he does, proving himself either an idiot or God. The cast, including William Swetland as Colonel Borak and Andrew Prine as the Union son, all have booming voices, creaseless pants, and dirty hats, while Allen Fletcher, the director, agrees with Mr. Hock wholeheartedly about those undesirables, grace and humor.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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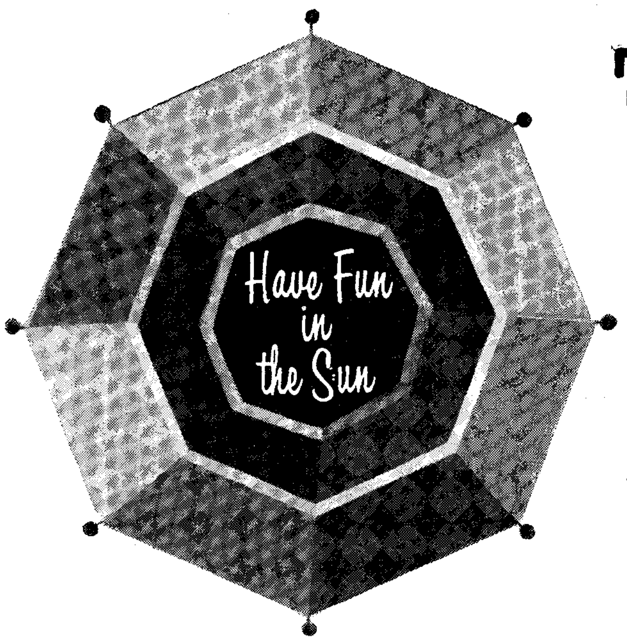
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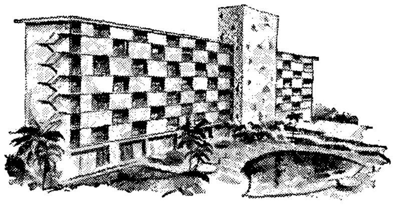

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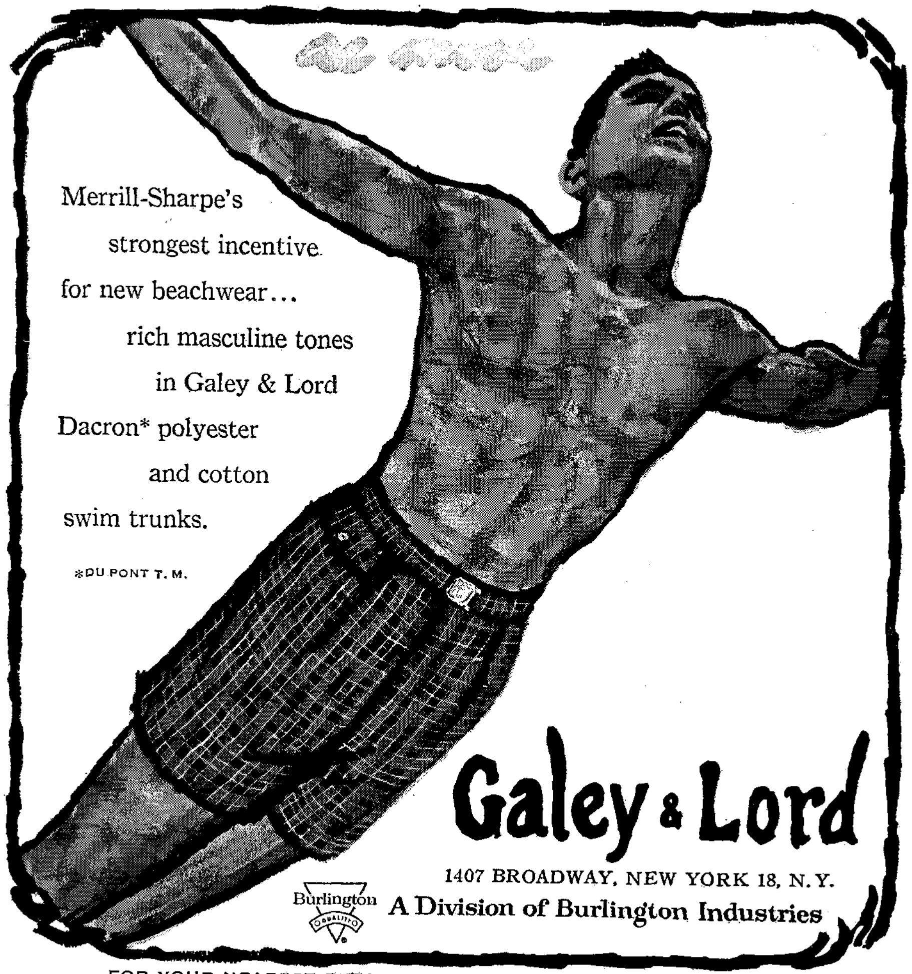

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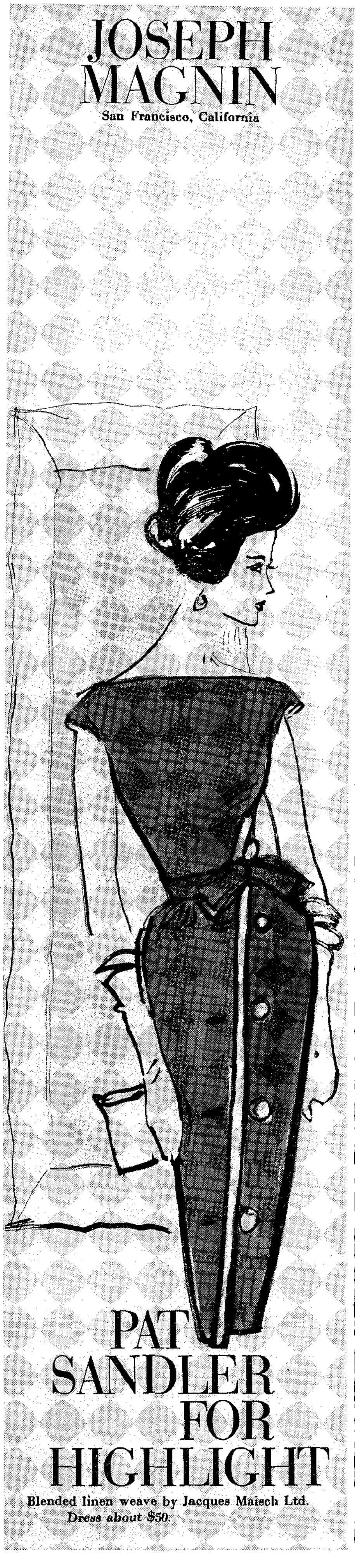

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LETTER FROM PARIS

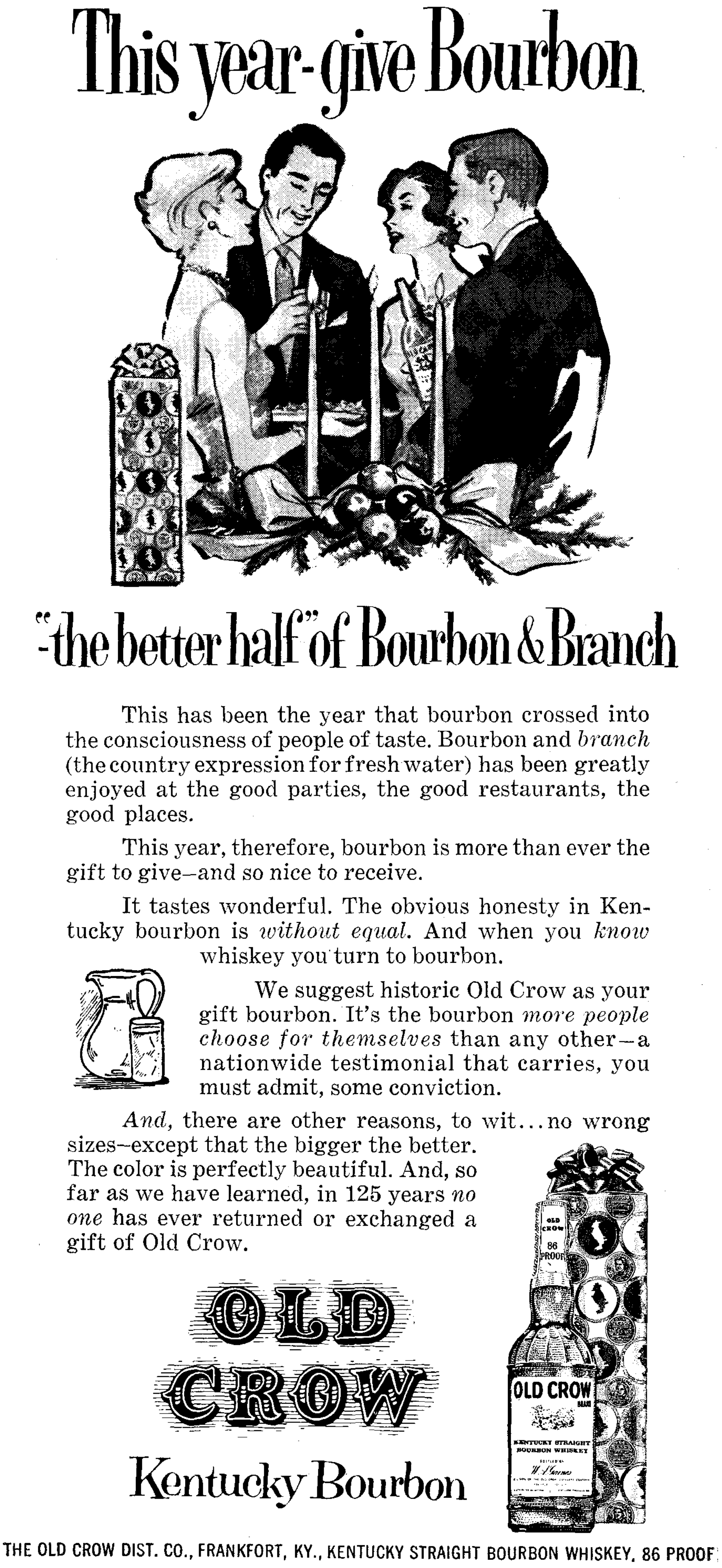
DECEMBER 14

AFTER the awful, bloody events in Algeria over last weekend, it would seem that the mere physical presence in that land of General de Gaulle as the symbol of France had, by its emotional power, tragically caused an explosion in each of the two races, the European settlers and the Arab natives—a freed combustion of their opposite reactions to France itself and of their hatred of each other. On Friday, the blood set flowing by the French *ultras* on the streets of Algiers and Oran, where de Gaulle did not even set foot, provoked no surprise, such rioting and killing of Moslems being one more of the *ultras'* customary dreadful messages to the chief of state—this time miles away across the sand in the little Arab village of Aïn Témouchent—that Algeria must remain French territory, in their masterful hands. It was the violent answer of the Arabs on Saturday, when they first swarmed out of their casbahs—the clamor of their voices by the thousands screaming "Independence! Ferhat Abbas to power! Free Algeria!" and the waving of their green-white-and-red Algerian rebel flags, these being actions and sounds never heard from them before—that furnished the terrified and total astonishment of what has been called in Paris "the day of truth." Until that day, through intimidation or understandable timidity (caught, as they have been, between the occupying French soldiers and their own *fellagha* army), the urban Arabs had never before demonstrated en masse what now seems to be their real national truth—their consuming desire for independence—for which their Saturday riot was their act of war. In Paris, it is considered that three myths died in Algeria over the weekend, these being the selfish myth of the white *ultras* that Algeria is French; the mendacious myth of the French Army that only a fistful of fighting rebels in Algeria wanted independence in all those years of war; and the major, miracle myth that de Gaulle could make peace—though no one here, or probably anywhere, thinks that anyone else could make it. He still stands alone, the sublime, dedicated figure of elderly courage and hope, as he appeared in Monday's photographs amid those pushing crowds in Algerian towns where assassination could have come in a gesture as easy as his handshake with those pressing around him—the burnoused Arabs trying merely to touch him, as if he were an amulet, while angry white French settlers brutally shouted across to him, "De Gaulle to the gallows!" Today, it is likely that only the Arabs still think that he can give them peace, as they also believe that he will give them independence—and, with it, new Algerian problems.

So far, only one criticism has been directed at de Gaulle, most respectfully made by *Figaro* in its Wednesday-morning editorial, entitled "The Return." He had come back to Paris the night before, and it was then impatiently hoped that he would at once speak to the nation on the radio, weary as he must have been—that he would say something, anything, because people wanted to hear his voice—and *Figaro* first criticized him for "not having uttered a word." Then it came to the heart of the matter, on which much of Paris public opinion agrees. "Too great an indifference to warnings and to the need for caution made de Gaulle's Algerian visit a tactical error," it said succinctly. "An enormous psychological drive had preceded Saturday's outbreak into action. A campaign of rumors and false alarms had been shrewdly spread by the partisans of one-way integration—that is, integration without equality or real fraternity between the Arab and the white communities. The overtones of it all announced that a maneuver was under way and predicted the coming of the tempest," timed to break upon his arrival. In conclusion, the editorial said, "In three days, the Europeans' rebellion against de Gaulle gave more aid to Ferhat Abbas than he had received in three years from the subversive rebel war." As you may recall, *Figaro* is the ultra-Catholic-bourgeois morning paper for the powerful, conservative middle class and the big industrialists, many of whom have heavy financial interests in North Africa. Until now, they have quietly backed the hope of a French Algeria, and this was the reason for their initial support of de Gaulle, in whom they then placed their faith. Such a *Figaro* editorial, including harsh criticism of the Algerian Europeans (whom it further called "*les comploteurs*"), has been regarded here as a strong patriotic and Christian warning to the *grande bourgeoisie*, and, coupled with the fact that certain Sahara oil shares fell heavily on the Monday stock exchange, has already caused a great deal of talk. Tuesday night's *Le Monde* printed—in a special box to attract the reader's attention, though without comment—the official report of the French government's Director of Information in Algiers, who stated that autopsies on fifty-six Arab corpses showed that of the twenty-nine killed by shots only five were killed by bullets of the sort used by the French Army or security forces, the others having been killed by pistol shots, which, according to multiple witnesses, including journalists, were fired by terrified French civilians on their balconies into the Arab mob below.

There is something cynically farcical in nearly all sudden French tragedies. This time, it was the government's Tuesday-night announcement that those responsible for the weekend riots and for the hundred and twenty-two dead (a hundred and fourteen of them Moslems, leaving only eight white Europeans) would be prosecuted. No moment could be less appropriate for such a project, since the continuing trial here of more than a dozen Frenchmen who took some part in the Algiers insurrectional riots of last January, in which a mere twenty-four people were killed, has so far resulted in a courtroom triumph for the accused. Pierre Lagaillarde, the barricade leader in those riots, and three other defendants fled to Spain upon their temporary release from the Santé Prison, as you no doubt know, and are at present safely out of the reach of French jurisdiction and justice. In fact, Lagaillarde's flight was openly considered here to be one of the disregarded warnings that accompanied de Gaulle on his recent journey to Algeria—although at least Lagaillarde was unable to arrive there for participation in the bloody weekend events.

FRIDAY, the Parliament's current brief session—the second of the two sessions now permitted it in the year—will end. It is logical to suppose that the next few weeks will be decisive in Algerian affairs—and, indeed, in those of the Fifth Republic—though in what way nobody knows. Whatever occurs, the Parliamentary deputies can read about it in the newspapers, like the rest of the French, and with no more say-so or power. Tomorrow, Thursday, the Senate, which sits in the Palais de Luxembourg, was to have discussed general Algerian topics in a debate that had been scheduled before the riots. It is now thought that the government will decide that it is too soon after those tragic events to bring forth any official arguments—if only because of the lack, so far, of definite information for the senators, and of time for their mature pon-



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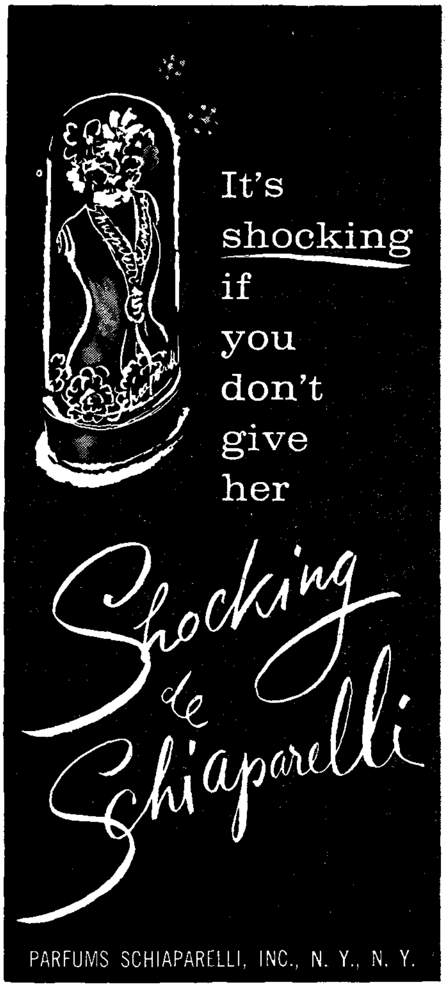
dering. Such a postponement would also enable the Debré government to avoid the imbalance caused by the absence from the discussion of the several Algerian senators, some of them Moslem, who have, with melancholy dignity, already refused to take part in any such talk. It is likely that the government will now merely read a statement to both the Parliament and the Senate—though here again no one yet knows what Premier Debré, recognized as an *ultra*, and one who writes his own speeches, may say. Too often before in this period of power, his sentiments have failed to resemble those declared by de Gaulle, and sometimes they have even been the diametrical opposite. Nor does anyone know whether the national referendum on Algeria that is scheduled for January 8th will actually be held then. Many citizens hope that it will not. It would, they think, be like reading the last will and testament too soon after the deceased has drawn his last breath. The Communist Party, which controls a fourth of the French voters, announced a few days ago that it was conducting an extensive campaign among the working class generally—of any or all political affiliations—to bring in a massive vote of no against the de Gaulle referendum. In this, the Communists would be joined—or so it is thought—by the reactionary political parties that represent the Algérie Française *ultra* view. Some Paris commentators think that the *ultras'* position has been greatly strengthened by the Arab attack on Saturday, since it demonstrated the suddenly dangerous helplessness of the outnumbered French settlers there, whom France has always declared she would not abandon. The ultimate possible plan, which de Gaulle earlier proposed as a settlement of the Algerian problem—consisting of partition of Algeria, with the French, Italian, Spanish, Maltese, Jewish, and other foreign elements, lumped as Europeans, probably given the northern coastal ring of the country and the predominantly Europeanized cities, and the Arabs given some special territory, where they would be cared for and supplied with work and housing—is now considered, in the back of many French minds, as the worst that could happen. Separating the two races would be like separating capital and labor, Paris commentators think, or like cutting up the map of Algeria with a pair of scissors as a way of making history.

IN the town of Blida, addressing a large contingent of young officers in training there, de Gaulle last weekend made his most informative, concise



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speech of the past half year, unfortunately little mentioned or quoted in the French press. Only the small intellectual morning paper *Combat* printed it here in full. In it he said, in part, "Because of this insurrection, the population of Algeria, which is Moslem by a great majority, has developed a consciousness that it did not have before. Nothing will prevent that. It must also be realized that this insurrection of the Arabs, with all that attaches to it, is taking place in a new world—in a world that in no way resembles the world I knew when I was young. There is, as you are well aware, a process of liberation now going on from one end of the world to the other that has affected our black Africa, that has affected all the former empires, without exception, and that cannot but have important consequences here. . . . It is thus necessary that the efforts of France in relation to Algeria continue, and it is very evident that they cannot be carried on in the conditions of yesterday. You can well imagine how a man of my age and my training has dreamed with regret of what could have been done earlier, and what was not done." It is to be supposed that the General, with his long historical memory, was thinking of the middle thirties in Algeria, when the only rebellion imagined by the Arabs was to ask for integration on what would now seem modest, loyal, republican terms. They asked to be integrated into the French nation with the privileges of the vote and representation accorded to all French citizens—the privileges enjoyed by the white settlers there, who refused them. And there was then the same "great Moslem majority" that de Gaulle spoke of at Blida—the weight of dark numbers that was the shadow behind the bloody weekend.

It is said that President de Gaulle will probably address the nation tomorrow night, though this has already been denied by a semi-official rumor that he will not speak until next Tuesday, or even sometime in Christmas Week. The nation is waiting—with patience, if necessary—to hear that unique, broken, trumpeting voice, and to listen to his thoughts.

FEW here are of a joyous holiday frame of mind right now, at the end of a year that also started with riots in Algeria. *Mais, tout de même, heureux Noël et bonne année.*—GENÊT

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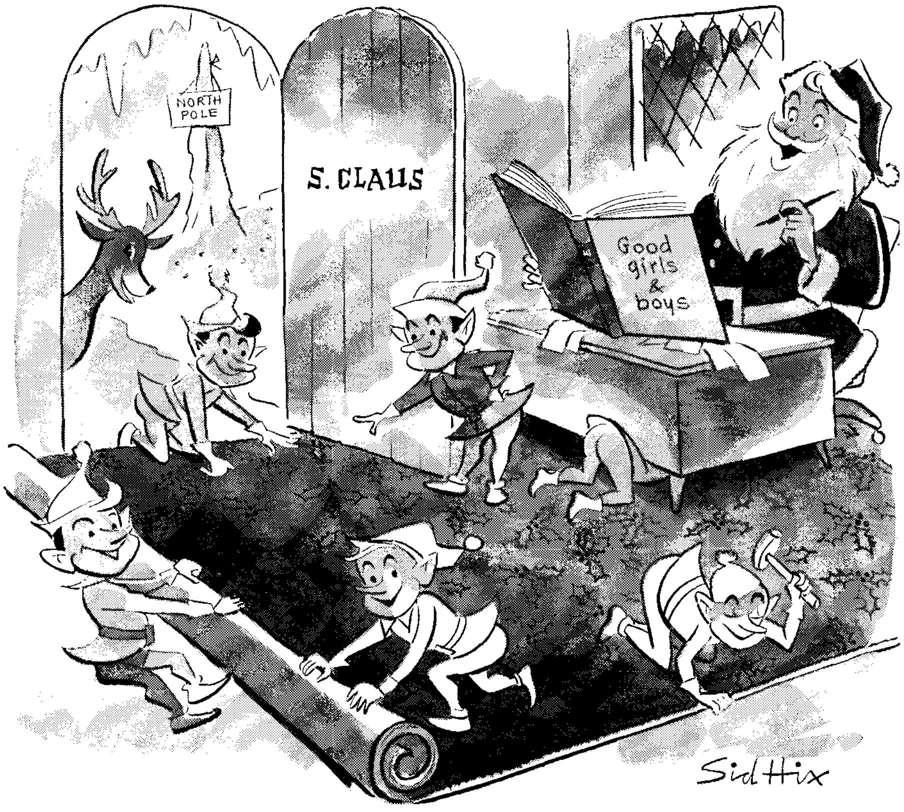

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Golden Bust

IN the current wave of enthusiasm for the creation of American opera, it is inevitable, I suppose, that once in a while the combination of good intentions and ignorance of the fundamentals of the craft should result in something as utterly awful as "Golden Child," a Christmas opera, by Philip Bezanson and Paul Engle, that was broadcast on television by the Hallmark Hall of Fame program last Friday night. The cast involved in this undertaking was a splendid one, including such admirable singing actors as Patricia Neway, Brenda Lewis, Stephen Douglass, and Jerome Hines, and every effort was made, in the way of staging, musical direction (by the able Peter Herman Adler), and orchestral conducting (by Herbert Grossman), to give it adequate production. But it takes more than a group of dedicated participants to create an opera, and "Golden Child" turned out to be as resounding a dud as I have ever come across in the pursuit of my duties. I cannot analyze its imperfections in detail, because the whole work represents a fundamental misconception of what the art of opera consists of. Mr. Engle's libretto, dealing with the troubles of a family of good pioneers lost in a snowstorm who stumble into the company of some evil gold prospectors celebrating a drunken Christmas in the famous California fort of Captain John Sutter, points some rather commonplace morals, among them that motherhood is important and that gold isn't everything. It does this in a humorless and extremely wordy manner, pronouncing its platitudes very loudly with the help of a vocal line that often comes close to screaming. Mr. Bezanson's music is an almost featureless accompaniment, following the words with slavish literalness, never reaching any moments of inspired lyricism, and treating the human voice with a grinding cruelty that set me on edge throughout the performance.

As a critic, I am aware that it is not my province to deliver lectures on how to undertake the complicated task of writing opera. Nevertheless, certain basic requirements are obvious. One does not simply ladle some sort of music over some sort of play. One makes a reverent study of the great traditions of the art, finding out how the masters of it have solved the intricate problems of expressing drama in terms of song. One values the voice as a supreme instrument for the expression of emotion, and one at least attempts to write melodies for it that are worth singing. Mr. Bezanson does not appear to have succeeded, or even to have tried very hard, on any of these counts. I would suggest that he either give up writing opera or seat himself in any good opera house—or, for that matter, in the Broadway musical theatre—for a long period, and soak up the practical knowledge that is essential for anyone who presumes to try his hand at the craft of combining drama with music.

AT last week's Philharmonic concerts, the sudden illness of Karl Boehm brought two young understudies to the podium and faced them with a particularly taxing program of music by Richard Strauss, which they presumably had had no chance to rehearse. The two—Mr. Russell Stanger and Mr. Gregory Millar—acquitted themselves quite well under these trying circumstances, and led me to reflect again that well-equipped young conductors are getting to be remarkably numerous in this hemisphere. Mr. Stanger had the easier of the assignments. He conducted the symphonic poem "Don Juan," which, of course, the Philharmonic knows by heart. Still, he managed to infuse something of his own into a performance that was robust and brilliant. Mr. Millar, for his part, tackled the final scene from the opera "Capriccio" (with Lisa Della Casa as soloist) and the "Domestic Symphony," both of them works that demand great poise and authority if they are to be projected in a coherent manner. There were places in the "Domestic Symphony" where Mr. Millar's lack of experience and complete preparation showed. When allowance is made for the peculiar conditions under which he was working, however, there is no denying that he proved himself to be a singularly gifted and efficient maestro. Miss Della Casa, as was to be expected, sang the scene from "Capriccio" very beautifully. Both she and the youthful conductors deserved a great deal more

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than the tame applause that greeted them at the concert I attended.

ON Tuesday night, plagued, like most of my fellow-New Yorkers, by transportation difficulties resulting from the snowfall, I found myself trapped for fifteen minutes in a stalled B.-M.T. subway train while Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra were playing Mozart's "Paris" Symphony (K. 297) at Carnegie Hall. By the time I extricated myself, Gaby and Robert Casadesus were at work on the same composer's Concerto for Two Pianos (K. 365), which they performed in an agreeably informal but not precisely exciting manner. After the intermission, Mr. Ormandy and the orchestra presented the Fifth Symphony of the contemporary French composer Jean Rivier, a work that had been done here before, though it can scarcely be described as familiar. Most symphonic composers nowadays use mannerisms that give their compositions at least the outward semblance of an individual style. Mr. Rivier's principal mannerism involves the use of chains of chords in what the technicians refer to as parallel formation. Otherwise his writing is reminiscent of César Franck, the French impressionists, and Shostakovich. I did not find the resulting mixture particularly inspiring, or even very interesting. Fortunately, the evening ended with a more rousing experience—Ravel's Concerto in D Major for the Left Hand, which Mr. Casadesus has made something of a specialty of, and which he performed with considerable *élan*.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ CONCERTS

Sunk with All Hands

THE steadily increasing attempts made during the past several years by such composers as Gunther Schuller, John Lewis, George Russell, and Charlie Mingus to establish a new music midway between classical forms and jazz have at last been blessed with a name—"third-stream" music. This canonization doesn't mean, of course, that these experiments are any closer to success now than they were a year or so ago. Indeed, they may have been set smartly back by one of Schuller's newest third-stream offerings, "Concertino for Jazz Quartet and Orchestra," performed hereabouts for the first time last Wednesday at Carnegie Hall by the Orchestra of America and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Schuller's earlier third-stream efforts have been almost exclu-

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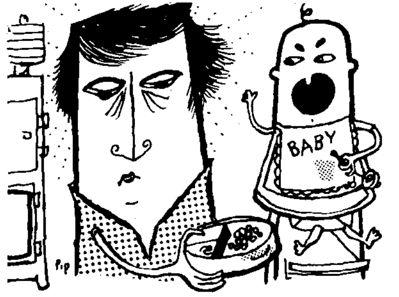

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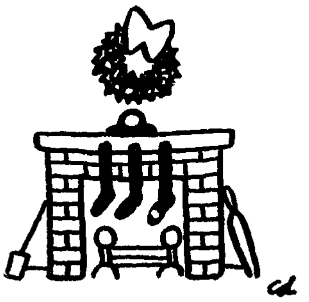
sively for chamber-sized groups—usually the M.J.Q. plus a string quartet plus an additional jazz soloist or two—and the most persuasive of them ("Abstraction No. 1," written for Ornette Coleman, and "Conversations") fuse jazz improvisation and classical formalism simply by balancing them against one another and not by attempting to graft anything from one music onto the other. The "Concertino" moves in the same direction, but the results are altogether different, for the M.J.Q., whose collective and individual proficiencies represent the epitome of fragility and obliqueness, is no match for a full symphony orchestra, no matter how sympathetic and thoughtful the writing for the larger group may be. (Indeed, it's hard to imagine *any* small jazz group overcoming this disproportion, let alone the amateurish push-me, pull-you approach to its materials of the Orchestra of America.) Time after time last week, the orchestra's background figures or interludes—many of them witchlike dissonant scalar passages for the strings—seemed to brush the quartet completely aside, like a disorderly lock of hair. The members of the group felt this; they sounded—when they could be heard—brittle and hurried, and gave almost no idea of their extraordinary excellences. Even their improvised passages had the calculated, rigid air of having been written.

In the first of the "Concertino's" three movements, the quartet improvised—collectively and in brief solos—in 5/4 time, battling with occasional orchestral punctuations. The space allotted for the quartet's ruminations barely allowed it to warm up. The next section, a blues, was again handled both collectively and in solos by the quartet, and in slow and fast tempos. There were also some striking rifflike passages by the orchestra. The final movement used a device that Schuller has toyed with before—a gradual acceleration of the tempo. The best part of it—to say nothing of the evening itself—came in a stop-time solo by John Lewis, whose high-register single-note patterns abruptly cut through the sur-



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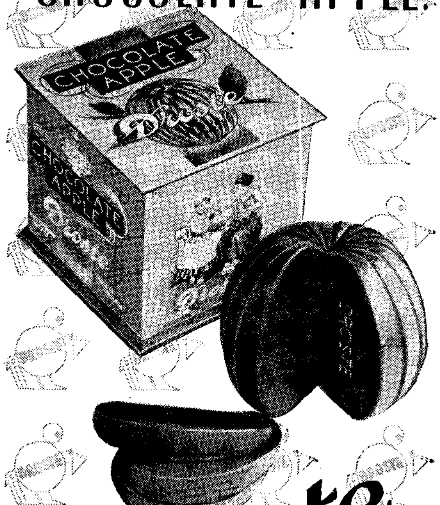

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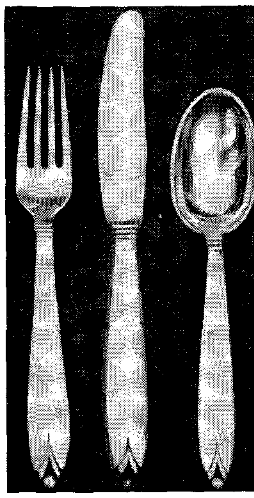
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rounding instrumental mass as well as through the orchestra's hippolike adumbrations. Pushed by Lewis, the quartet then stepped into an extremely fast tempo, the orchestra reëntered for some final nagging, and the piece ended. Before this, the orchestra performed two pioneer third-stream endeavors—George Antheil's "A Jazz Symphony" (1925) and Arthur Kreutz's "Dixieland Concerto" (late thirties)—which, with their staginess and false daring, disconcertingly suggested how Schuller's "Concertino" may sound in twenty years to ears attempting to soak up a fourth or fifth stream.

LATER in the week, the Modern Jazz Quartet gave a concert by itself at N.Y.U.'s Loeb Student Center, on Washington Square, and in the course of nine selections, among them "Django," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen," "Pyramid," and "The Comedy," demonstrated again that it has no peer among contemporary jazz groups. The evening was an exhilarating series of climaxes: Milt Jackson's opening out-of-tempo statement of the melody of "How High the Moon," which suggested a leisurely trip through a house of mirrors; the group's collective work in "Vendôme" and "Pyramid;" all of Lewis's piano solos, with their fine-crystal hum and seemingly slow-motion rhythms; and all of Connie Kay's drumming, from his breezeway hi-hat work (with sticks and brushes) to the beat he invariably settles into on his ride cymbals—a beat so mesmerizing it's a wonder the auditorium floor didn't give way beneath the unison tromp, tromp, tromp of feet.—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Dr. Hugh C. MacGuire is a Canadian turned Southerner who is convinced he can build a hospital cheaper and better than anything around today.

According to the Montgomery (Ala.) pediatric surgeon, his hospital would:

1. Cost $5,000 per bed against $16,000 to $30,000 a bed for conventional hospitals.

2. Cut service help from two persons per patient to ¾ person per patient.

3. Eliminate the time a patient spends in the hospital.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

They only get in the way anyhow.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the New Statesman*]

One important aspect of the Lady Chatterley verdict is that it is a triumph for a working-class writer defended with masterly clear-headedness by (among others) a working-class critic.

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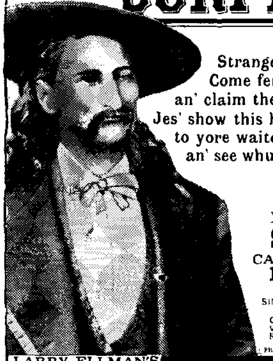

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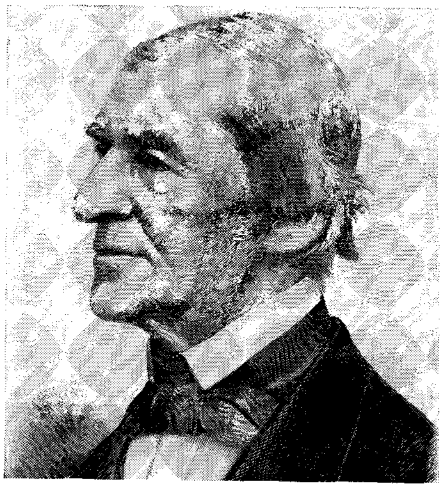

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

success

With what seems a rather surprising touch of materialism, Emerson said, "One thing is forever good: that one thing is success."

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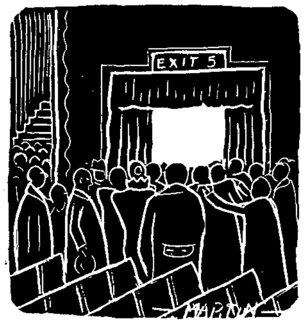

ALMOST any virtuoso actor would prefer to play Cyrano de Bergerac rather than, say, one of T. S. Eliot's sack-suited, pursy-mouthed free-verse mumblers, if only on the ground that in the first case half the job has been done for you and the stuff is indubitably there. This apparently tempting alternative is a trap, however, that illustrates what a perilous trade the actor pursues, for, in truth, the fat bravura part is infinitely more difficult to do well than the breathing of life into a stick. In the second case, the sympathy of the spectators is with the performer, and mere theatrical presence will often carry the evening. When watching an acrobat, though, the audience is in the dangerous mood of a circus crowd; it knows that the trapezes are forty feet above the ground and that the flier will at the very least be dazzling, and it sits there expecting the impossible and half hoping for a slip. This sermonet is by way of announcing that Sir Alec Guinness has attempted the scariest high-flying act of his career in his new film, "Tunes of Glory," and that he has pulled it off with a perfection that can only win the astonished applause of all who are fortunate enough to see him.

It must be years since a scriptwriter has spilled out such a cornucopia of a part as James Kennaway has written for Sir Alec in "Tunes of Glory." Lieutenant-Colonel Jock Sinclair is the commanding officer of a Scottish Highland regiment that has begun to go to pieces in the soft boredom of no war; he is a ranker, spoiled and loved by his subordinates, who is suddenly replaced in command by a neurotic martinet, whom he then systematically and ruthlessly destroys. And what a startling, complex man Sinclair shows himself to be! He is a drunkard, a bully, a sentimentalist, a schemer, a backslapping opportunist, and a brave man; he is sly, self-pitying, stupid, childish, and wonderfully likable. Sir Alec plays him in a red wig, displaying a whiskey-inflamed face, a thick Scottish burr, and a rolling, ferrety eye. For this part he has abandoned almost all the distinctive Guinness mannerisms—the slightly tilted head, the tiny smile, the inward-looking gaze, and the shy half step—and has replaced them with a bold, parade-ground stride, an infuriating ready smile, and the thrusting shoulders of a leader who secretly doubts himself. Every melodramatic scene is a lesson in acting, for Sir Alec never makes the mistake of expending himself utterly in his passion of the moment. Always there is more at hand, so we realize that the man we are watching is not just drunk or only angry or simply afraid but subject simultaneously to other emotions and capable of a sudden, dangerous swerve. He is, in other words, that most frightening and exciting of all spectacles, a human being.

This accomplishment is all the more remarkable in view of the drama in which it is contained, for the plot of "Tunes of Glory" sounds all the old high bugle notes, including conflicting loyalties, traditions of the regiment, honor among gentlemen, and, Lord save us, a colonel's daughter who loves a braw enlisted man. Director Ronald Neame, however, has turned this musty apparatus over to a troupe of fine actors who all help push Sir Alec to the heights, and has splashed his screen with bright tartans and swinging kilts and loaded his sound track with the stamp of boots and the wailing of bagpipes. Dennis Price, Gordon Jackson, and Alan Cuthbertson are notable members of one of the most repellently stuffy officers' cadres I can remember, and Kay Walsh, John Fraser, and Susannah York are fine, too.

I must award a special citation to John Mills, who plays the second and equally impossible colonel. He is much less fortunate in his part, since it requires him to be a bit too twitchy and unstrung for a man just chosen to whip a regiment into shape, but he attacks it with an intelligence and assurance that would capture top honors in any film save this one. Watching these two brilliant, solid actors at work made me wish suddenly that I were a theatrical producer who had just signed Sir Alec and Mr. Mills to play "Tunes of Glory" on the stage. I know what *I'd* do under such happy circumstances: "I'd have them alternate parts nightly. That way, every single member of my audiences would insist on seeing the play twice, and it would certainly run long enough to solve all my worldly problems.

A SECOND import from Blighty this week is "The Angry Silence," a dour editorial about the evils of irresponsible labor-unionism. Written by Bryan Forbes and starring Richard Attenborough, who together produced the picture, it tells the story of a somewhat dunderheaded lathe operator who refuses to join a wildcat strike and is sent, for his individualistic pains, to Coventry, which appears to be a most uncomfortable place. Worse, his property is damaged and his son terrorized, and in the end he is beaten up and loses an eye. Mr. Attenborough undoubtedly had something serious in mind here, but he has fallen victim to his own indignation. His union members are dolts who down tools instantly and repeatedly at the crook of their shop steward's finger, his union officials are corrupt, his factory owners care for nothing but turning a fast quid, and lurking and whispering among the dinner-pail toters is a sinister, unexplained figure who looks and acts mighty like a C-mmun-st. Since this cast of characters resembles nothing that exists outside the darker corners of Westbrook Pegler's unconscious, I must regretfully dismiss "The Angry Silence" as another all too conformist attack on poor old Mr. Conformity. —ROGER ANGELL

•

IN SNOWTIME

Someone must take up
the cause of meadow flowers—
black-eyed Susan, daisy,
dandelion, and buttercup.
Someone must praise
shining cowslips in the April haze.

Now the meadow is one snow,
someone must gather dog and stick,
sharpen his lazy breath
to say where those flowers will grow
that made the season pass
while he lay sunning in the meadow
grass.

—GENE BARO

•

Daily newspaper has opening on its news staff for young man who has completed his military obligations, has a good education, enjoys writing the language and has a lively sense of curiosity about yourself and your salary requirements to Box MS52, this newspaper.—*Yonkers Herald Statesman.*

To lack that is to lack all.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 17

ABOUT a month ago, the President-elect asked a man from an Eastern university to advise him on a wide but clearly defined range of current problems and to give him the names of people competent to deal with them in the new administration. A day or two earlier, the newspapers had reported that Mr. Kennedy had asked another man—one whose background was more practical than theoretical—to do a job that sounded to the new recruit very much like, if not identical with, the one he was being asked to undertake. The scholar, who has a fluent command of the local patois, asked Mr. Kennedy how he should "relate" to the other appointee. The answer was crisp and categorical: "Don't." The President-elect went on to say that it would suit him down to the ground if the two men never saw each other; he supposed, though, that they would have to confer, and he only hoped that they would do as little conferring as possible before they reported, as he wished each of them to do, directly to him. With his eyes on the ceiling and the merest hint of apology in the voice that is noted for its rather narrow emotional range, he said, "I simply cannot afford to have just one set of advisers." Far from being offended, the scholar left with a spring in his step and a firmer conviction than he had had up to then that the republic was in good hands. Mr. Kennedy, he felt, had already mastered the beginning of Presidential wisdom. "If he had not made that remark," he said, "I should have gone directly to my hotel room and got to work on a memorandum pointing out the weaknesses of the command system and urging him not to be afraid of a little administrative untidiness. If a President has only one set of advisers, the advisers take over the Presidency."

The multiple-adviser principle is highly thought of here, and Senator Kennedy's adherence to it is regarded as a good omen. It is a principle, however, that can be applied more easily by a President-elect than by a President. From his position this side of the White House, and with his administration only partly formed, Mr. Kennedy can see anyone he wants to at almost any time A cluster of reporters may stand outside his front door in Georgetown, but if their presence becomes oppressive, he can move with relative ease to the relative seclusion of Capitol Hill or Palm Beach or the Carlyle. In this preliminary stage, in fact, he is expected to receive petitioners of all sorts, to expose himself to conflicting pressures, and to consider alternative methods of procedure. For a sitting President, on the other hand, there are formidable difficulties in the way of applying the principle. For one thing, our system of government makes no provision for it. For another, it does not go down very well with Presidential advisers; it is likely to lead to a certain amount of ugliness among them, and sometimes to unseemly public brawls. One Secretary of State at a time is all the law allows, and although no statute prevents a President from retaining an adviser on foreign policy outside the State Department, or from making advisers of officials of the second and third ranks within the Department, such arrangements can have most unhappy consequences. If a Chief Executive begins to rely heavily on a Minister Without Portfolio, it breeds hurt and resentment in the Minister With Portfolio, and it has a tendency to make the unofficial adviser look upon the official one as a clod who ought to be required to surrender his title to him. Some of the trouble could be eliminated by having the President hear the views of such a large number of people that no one man could be sure that he alone had advanced a scheme later translated into policy. But this is a terribly time-consuming device, and anyway it is hard nowadays, when all doors to the White House are heavily policed and the press mounts a day-and-night watch outside the President's office, to conceal the source and subsequent flow of ideas. In arranging things so that a President can be sure of a flow of ideas from more than one source, there is some room for ingenuity but not a great deal. In the very

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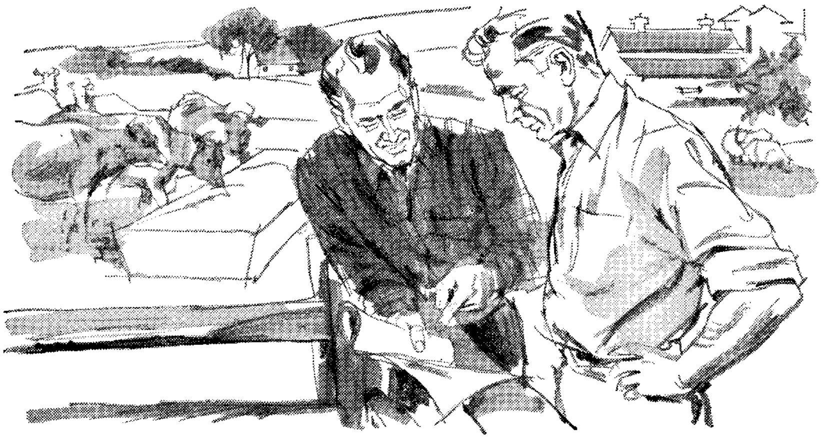

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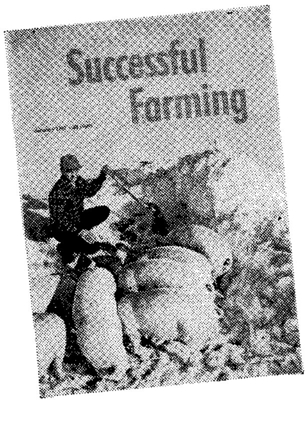

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process of choosing a Cabinet and a White House staff, a President tends to cut himself off from many currents of opinion.

To most people here, Mr. Kennedy's performance in the weeks since his election has seemed that of a man who not only values the multiple-adviser principle but is aware of its practical shortcomings. He has been late in making appointments, partly, no doubt, because he has wished to be certain that he was right, and partly because, in his role of politician, he has had to satisfy as many legitimate points of view as he could. But the delays have also been due, it seems clear, to his desire to stretch out his last period of free access to the open, competitive market in ideas. Now that he has made his Cabinet appointments and settled on the basic structure of his White House staff, it is evident that one of his principal ends has been the maintenance of as much diversity and as wide an access as the system will allow. The indications are that he will not try to arrest the decline of Cabinet government that has been in progress for a quarter century but will treat with Cabinet members as individuals and will have something approximating a kitchen cabinet in his White House staff. This staff—or at least those of its members who are concerned with policy—will be responsible to him alone; he will delegate the supervision of its work to no one. There will be—at the start, anyway—no one occupying anything like the position held in the present administration first by Sherman Adams and later by General Wilton Persons. There will be no office described or describable as "Assistant to the President"—no office whose title suggests that the occupant is directly below the President and directly above the other staff advisers. In the matter of titles, indeed, there will be a deliberate ambiguity. Theodore Sorenson, who over the years has been closer to Mr. Kennedy than anyone else on his Senate staff, is to be listed as a "special counsel," and it is likely that he will be one of several men designated by this far from precise term. And functions are expected to be, by design, as imprecise as titles. "Who's going to handle White House relations with Congress?" a recently appointed member of the staff was asked a week or so ago. "The way I get it, everyone is," he said. A division of labor and responsibility will come in time, as bureaucratic talents fit themselves to bureaucratic needs, but the basic idea at the moment is to assemble a group of men competent to consider

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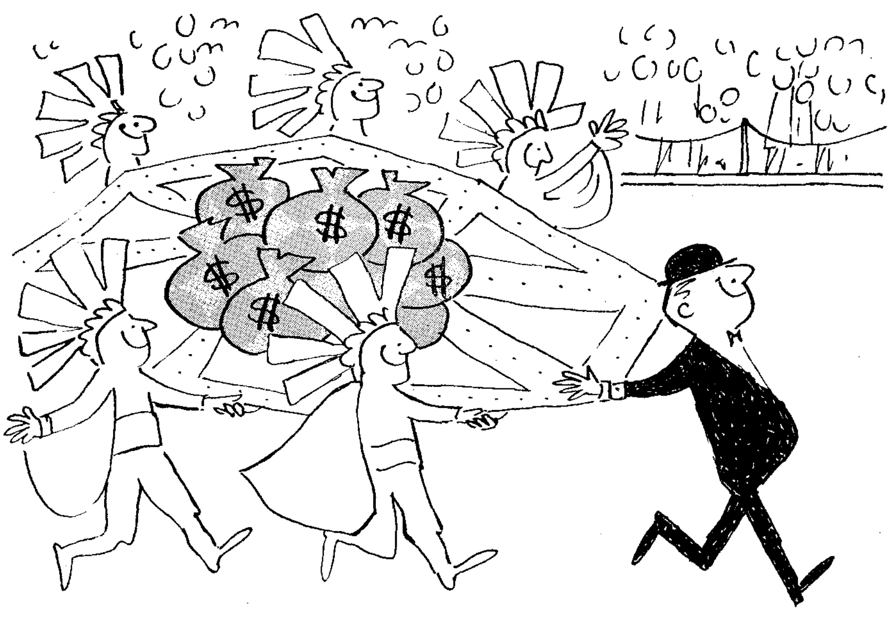
policy in the broadest terms and to make specific—that is to say, narrow—recommendations to the President. When conflict arises, as it must, Mr. Kennedy will, if he follows his current bent, be on hand for the presentation of opposing points of view and will participate in resolving them, if resolution is possible.

Mr. Kennedy's approach to the organization of his White House staff is very different from Mr. Eisenhower's, but it is not novel in the sense of being untried. It is very much like the method of Franklin Roosevelt, about whom Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has written, "His favorite technique was to keep grants of authority incomplete, jurisdictions uncertain, charters overlapping, [so that] the decisions, and the power to make them, would remain with the President." There is a good deal of novelty, however, in the President-elect's approach to the Cabinet, and particularly to that most crucial of agencies, the State Department. It has been clear for as long as Mr. Kennedy has been seeking the Presidency that he was the sort who would wish to be his own Secretary of State. Generally, the fulfillment of this wish calls for installing a politically dim figure as the nominal head of the department and requesting him to surround himself with competent technicians. Mr. Kennedy has gone at the matter in a spectacularly different way. Before he had even made up his mind on a Secretary, he appointed to subordinate positions in the Department three men—G. Mennen Williams, Adlai Stevenson, and Chester Bowles—who have spread their opinions on policy all over the public record, who have impressive personal followings of their own, and whose reputations for independence and integrity would be destroyed if the impression got abroad that they were merely running errands for the President. In charge of this remarkable outfit he has put a man who can be described as politically dim only because he has never been in politics. Dean Rusk is known here as one of the ablest diplomats of the postwar generation, and a man whose concern with the content of policy is as great as that of Mr. Kennedy himself, or that of any of the three men who have been appointed to serve with him. The arrangement undoubtedly commended itself to the President-elect on other grounds besides the principle of providing himself with more than one set of advisers. Each of the three appointments he made before choosing a Secretary was in itself an expression



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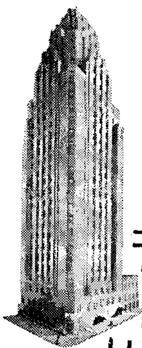

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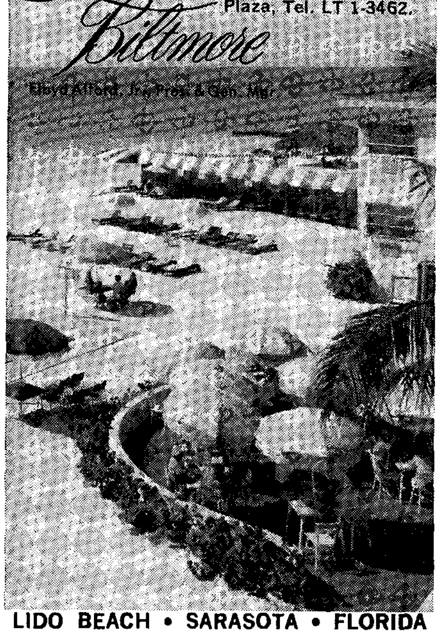

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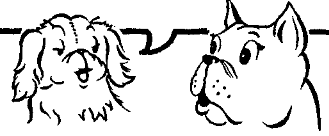

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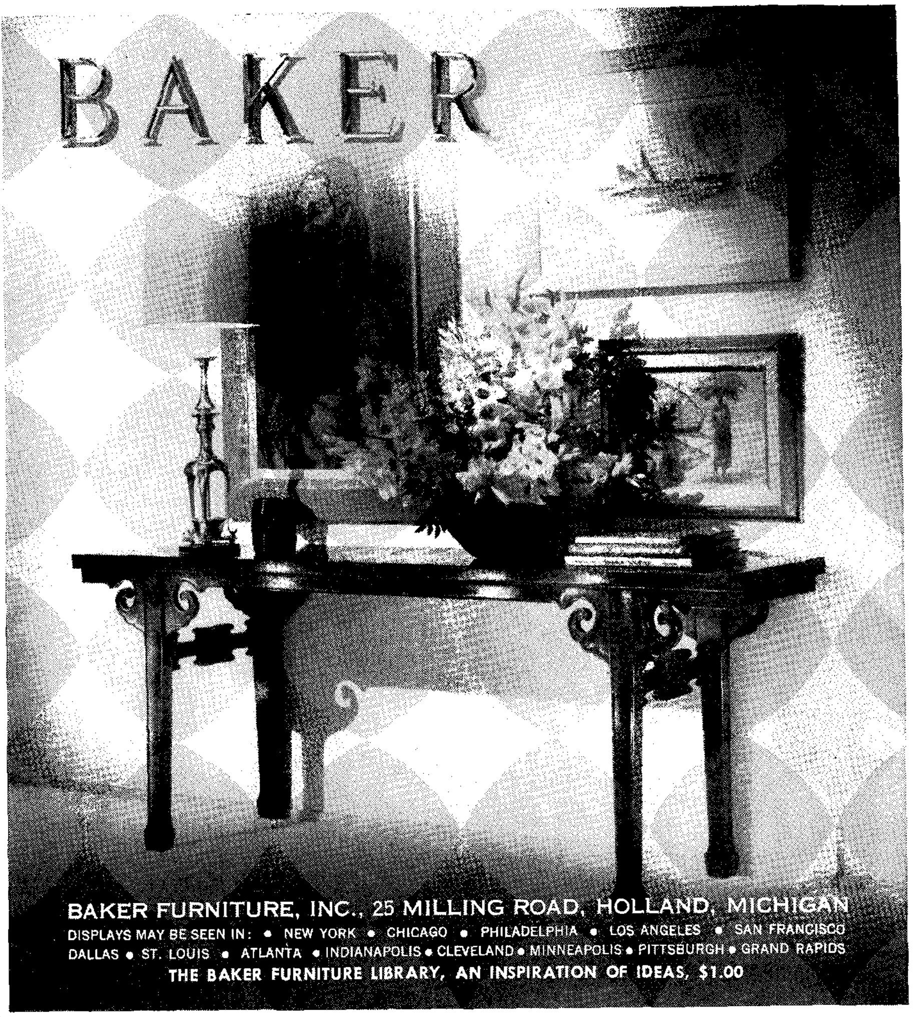
and an implementation of policy. And each appointment was a political decision that stilled—for the moment, anyway—the clamor that supporters of these politically influential men had raised for their recognition. There is a feeling in some quarters here that Mr. Kennedy has created more problems than he has solved by casting in technically subordinate roles three men whose usefulness would end if they appeared to be playing truly subordinate parts. But as a scheme for assuring a steady flow of independent and responsible opinions, as a means of making certain that the White House will not be an isolation booth, it is regarded as an inspired innovation. The President can consult men of such stature without having to worry about giving offense to those of equal or superior rank whom he may not choose to consult; conversely, men of such sharp political identities must impress their views upon the President or find themselves dismissed as pensioners of a rather shameful sort. The arrangement has some explosive possibilities, but for as long as it lasts the President will, at least in the field of foreign policy, hear more than one point of view, and he can put aside any fear of being entirely surrounded by sycophants.

THE selection of Cabinet officers and other administrators of high rank is an extremely complicated exercise in political and philosophical accommodation. Although every candidate for the Presidency pledges himself to recruit the most selfless and gifted of citizens wherever they are to be found, regardless of race, religion, or previous condition of political servitude, the truth is that the choices are almost always severely limited, and it is doubtful whether any President can ever claim that he has fully satisfied his own ideals. Certainly Mr. Kennedy cannot. His shopping about has received a maximum of publicity, and it is known that he was unable to get his first choice for the most important of the offices, and for some of the least important as well. He tried to prevail on Robert Lovett to accept State, Defense, or Treasury; whether Mr. Lovett actually was his first choice is not known, nor is it certain that any of the men he did appoint were even his second choices. Moreover, his front-steps expressions of confidence in the contributions to be made by the men he has appointed and of the satisfactory relationships he expects to enjoy with them must, in a number of cases, be heavily discounted. For he has filled several offices with men he never knew before, and several others with men he has never before worked with. He met Mr. Rusk and David Elliott Bell, his Director of the Budget, for the first time when he interviewed them about the jobs they have taken. Robert S. McNamara, his Secretary of Defense, was a contemporary of his at Harvard before the war but has been neither a close friend nor an associate in the years since. In political and professional relationships, lack of intimacy can have large advantages, and can, in fact, be among the most desirable of qualifications; it can never, though, be taken as a promise of success.

Mr. Kennedy appears to have had an uncommon amount of difficulty in staffing his administration. This could be considered evidence of his thoughtfulness and caution, and it is almost conclusive evidence that in the course of winning nomination and election he avoided binding pledges of support to individuals or factions. The only appointments that have the appearance of being payoffs in the traditional sense are those of Governor Hodges, of North Carolina, as Secretary of Commerce, and Governor Ribicoff as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Arthur Goldberg, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. counsel who will be Secretary of Labor, was by no means the choice of the entire trade-union movement. The leaders of the old C.I.O. industrial unions thought that organized labor would be better off if a professional public servant was given the office; the leaders of the old A.F.L. craft unions opposed Mr. Goldberg's appointment and urged that Mr. Kennedy name an elected official of an international union. For his part, Mr. Goldberg, who is regarded by members of the Washington bar and bench as perhaps the leading virtuoso legal talent of the day, was far from eager to make himself over into an administrator. Governor Freeman, of Minnesota, who nominated Mr. Kennedy in Los Angeles, resisted—as any farm-state politician in his right mind would—appointment as Secretary of Agriculture. And the bulk of the opposition to Robert F. Kennedy as Attorney General came from the prospective appointee himself.

If Mr. Kennedy has had his disappointments and difficulties as a Cabinet-maker, it is nevertheless possible to discern in his appointments something of his taste in ideas and people. In the agencies that deal principally with domestic policy, the tendency is a good deal more to the left than most people had expected. Stewart Udall, who will be Secretary of the Interior, is a conservationist in the Harold Ickes tradition and a militant young welfare-statist. Governor Freeman formerly worked closely with Senator Hubert Humphrey and for the past few years has shared with him the leadership of the far left wing of the Democratic Party. In the spectrum of labor politics, Mr. Goldberg has not been the most radical of figures, but if a center position is held by George Meany, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., then Mr. Goldberg is well to the left of it. In this cluster of departments, the only men who appear to stand on middle ground are Governor Ribicoff and Robert Kennedy, and the appearance may prove deceiving in both cases. As a congressman and as an administrator, Governor Ribicoff has been cautious to the point of seeming to be politically colorless. The achievements that have been most widely advertised during his tenure in Connecticut have been primarily administrative. He has avoided political controversy, which suggests that he does not enjoy it as much as some of his new colleagues do, but does not mean that he has not chosen sides among controversialists. In any case, it is in the fields of health and education that Mr. Kennedy is most deeply committed to the programs of the left, and if Governor Ribicoff is himself of no particular political color, his administration of the Department will have to take on Mr. Kennedy's color. Mr. Kennedy's brother has certainly not avoided political controversy, but his battles have been for the most part outside the realm of ideas.

The most striking thing about the President-elect's taste in people, though, is his preference for intellectuals—professional, amateur, and *manqué*. He is as nearly surrounded by them as Mr. Eisenhower is by businessmen. His administration may be the first in which scholars and teachers are as numerous as lawyers and more numerous than captains of industry and commerce. His principal adviser on the transfer of power has been Richard E. Neustadt, of the department of government at Columbia, who is expected to stay on in the White House. His Director of the Budget and his Secretary of State are former professors. Of the four businessmen in the Cabinet, only Douglas



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Dillon, a banker who will be Secretary of the Treasury, and Governor Hodges, a textile man, are of the true breed. Of the other two, Mr. McNamara began his career teaching at Harvard, and J. Edward Day, the incoming Postmaster General, is a professional public servant. Indeed, from Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles to Stewart Udall and Arthur Goldberg, there is scarcely a man whose reputation among his colleagues is not that of an intellectual. (Even the Postmaster General is a former editor of the *Harvard Law Review*.) And there will be many more intellectuals to come—the number being limited, one is given to understand, chiefly by the intellectuals' hesitation to burden the administration with what they regard as their vulnerability to political attack. A good many of the academic people—particularly those at Harvard and at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—who worked with the President-elect during his campaigns this year feel that their usefulness to him would be impaired if they left Cambridge for Washington. But there will be offices open for J. K. Galbraith, W. W. Rostow, and a good many others. Mr. Kennedy seems to share none of their misgivings about their role. He is, after all, the man who asked an abstract painter, William Walton, to organize the Tammany and reform forces in New York in his behalf.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Wilkes-Barre* (*Pa.*) *Times-Leader*]

Members of the Literary Department of West Pittston Senior Woman's Club at yesterday's meeting heard a reading by Mrs. Margaret Barber entitled "Hard Hearts Are for Cabbages." Mrs. Barber was appropriately attired in gypsy costume.

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democratic refugees from Cuba who have fled to Miami and New York, who have had to leave their homes, their jobs and, in many cases, their loved ones to escape persecution. These people are in desperate need of food, clothing and shelter. The International Rescue Committee, a non-sectarian agency established by Americans during the rise of Hitler, has for 27 years aided the victims of dictatorships around the world. The IRC seeks contributions to give the Cuban people food, warm clothing, a place to live and help toward finding jobs. Send contributions to

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BOOKS

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FICTION

The Side of the Angels, by Alexander Fedoroff (Ivan Obolensky). This extremely large and crowded novel begins in 1945 and ends at the present day. It is the story of some young men and women who, when we first see them, are stumbling against the choices and decisions that they must make as they move, in their separate ways, into the future. Mr. Fedoroff fits an enormous number of characters into his story, which shuttles at high speed between Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, and other big cities, but his most careful attention is given to five people: Zeeda Kaufman, a beautiful Jewish girl who turns to Communism in her revolt against her unloving mother; Helen Maclean, a pretty, ordinary small-town girl of poor family who is determined to find a comfortable and respectable place in life; Steve Williams, a handsome, hard-working writer to whom success comes automatically; Warren Taggert, a homosexual who averts the threat of social ostracism by walking away from his true self; and Tiger Rizzuto, a tough boy who channels his talent for violence into the cause of labor. The author's handling of his crowds of people, who move about constantly, never ceasing from talk, discussion, and argument, is brave and sweeping. His style is direct and meticulous, but while we learn almost everything there is to know about the international, national, economic, and social frames that encircle, in varying perspectives, all these people, and while we are told almost more than we can absorb of their family backgrounds, we are never seriously involved with any of them, or moved to laugh with or pity any of them. It is clear that they live, but an emotional fog—commonplace, bland, and timid—hangs over everything they do and say. However, taken all in all, this is a remarkably energetic and vividly planned first novel.

Incense to Idols, by Sylvia Ashton-Warner (Simon & Schuster). Several men—an eminent French composer, a doctor, a feverishly dedicated minister—appear in the shadows of this novel, which concentrates entirely on the singularly egotistical personality of a beautiful French woman pianist, Germaine de Beauvais, thirty years old, who has come to New Zealand from Paris after the sudden death of her husband. Mme. de Beauvais' story is told by herself in a monologue that reveals very little except a childishly demanding mind, a body more interested in flirtation than in sex, and a spirit that is so undeveloped as to be nebulous but that nevertheless shows a hysterical determination to prove the unique importance of its own suffering at any cost. The time is the present.

Peaceable Lane, by Keith Wheeler (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Wheeler describes the events that follow upon the decision of a rich Negro artist to move into a fairly exclusive New York suburb. The name of the street involved is Peaceable Lane, and the artist, Lamar Winter, takes possession of his house in a mood of angry anticipation as he imagines the uproar his arrival will cause among his white neighbors. These neighbors represent every degree of opinion from thoroughly bigoted to thoroughly non-bigoted, but they are united, at least for a time, in their fear that Winter's presence among them will cause the value of their properties to go down. This novel, which is really a prolonged debate, explodes occasionally into physical violence, and it ends in violence and in bewilderment. The characters, including Winter, are all types, but they are well realized and skillfully handled. A Book-of-the-Month Club choice.

The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles, by Giorgio Bassani, translated from the Italian by Isabel Quigly (Atheneum). A short, telling, and wholly wasteless study of how a young Italian, who is a Jew and the narrator of the book, painfully progresses from bigotry (against a homosexual doctor friend of the family) to enlightenment when he himself unexpectedly becomes the butt of prejudice during Mussolini's copycat purge of Italian Jews. Mr. Bassani achieves this transformation by deftly peeling off layer after layer of

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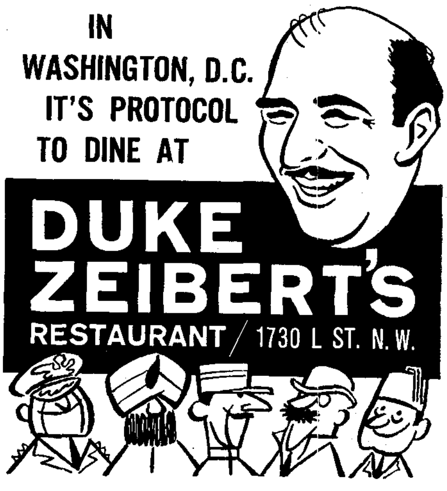
protective onionskin, until the narrator can do nothing but befriend the doctor.

GENERAL

HITLER CONFRONTS ENGLAND, by Walter Ansel (Duke). A thoroughgoing study of Hitler's failure to invade England in the summer of 1940. The author, a retired rear admiral of the United States Navy, did much of his research in Germany, and came to the conclusion that three factors were paramount in the Germans' failure to exploit the initiative they had so brilliantly won on the Continent: Hitler's reluctance, for political reasons, to inflict a humiliating military defeat on England (Mr. Ansel believes that this was also one of the things that made the Dunkirk escape possible); the German High Command's stunning inability to conduct combined operations; and, finally, lack of nerve on Hitler's part. Hitler, it becomes plain in these pages, was not a daring man but, rather, a pouncer by nature. This is an absorbing book; the very technical discussions can be skipped by the general reader without damage to the historical and human narrative. Photographs and maps.

THE SIGN OF THE FISH, by Peter Quennell (Viking). Something less and something more than an autobiography. Mr. Quennell often begins a chapter by chatting about himself—his life, travels, or literary career—but then he invariably, and artfully, digresses, sometimes into meditations on literature. More frequently, he recalls the people he has known, offering deft, gossipy sketches of some two generations of English writers and their friends. Mr. Quennell's prose, precise and evocative, pleases the reader unobtrusively; it is the perfect medium for conveying his disinterested respect for good work—his own or anybody else's.

ARNOLD BENNETT AND H. G. WELLS, edited and with an introduction by Harris Wilson (University of Illinois Press). A hundred and seventy-three letters—eighty-six from Bennett to Wells, eighty-seven from Wells to Bennett—written between 1897 and 1931, when Bennett died, and constituting just about all of the two men's known correspondence with each other. Neither Bennett nor Wells was much of a letter writer; Wells' communications often



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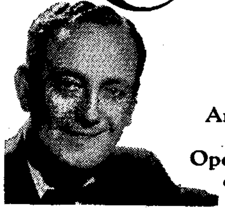

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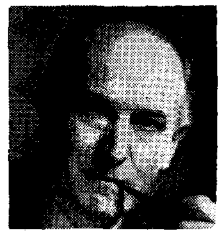

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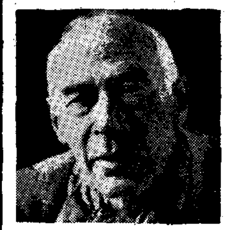

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resemble hasty office memoranda, and Bennett's tend to pose and gesticulate. As a result, the chief value of the collection is its record of a long and apparently completely reciprocated friendship, which survived some remarkably candid exchanges. Although Bennett was, to a certain extent, Wells' Sancho Panza, he could, when Wells pricked him hard enough ("For some unfathomable reason you don't penetrate. You are like George Moore. . . . You prefer 'style' to beauty. You are not a poet, *you are not a genius*"), reply in kind ("You are simply a passion for justice incarnate. You aren't an artist . . . you are simply a reformer"). Both men were right, of course, and they were usually right about themselves, too. (Bennett: "I *am not* [*a genius*]. *I am probably* too clever, and, what is more important, too infernally well-balanced." Wells: "I do honestly regard myself as a First Class Man, one of the first hundred writing in English now.") Unfortunately, the letters reveal very little about the two men that is not literary and impersonal, and one wishes there were more gossip. Still, the book is a rewarding visit with two of the last representatives of a nearly extinct breed—the man of letters.

DÜRER: HIS LIFE AND WORK, by Marcel Brion, translated from the French by James Cleugh (Tudor). This book is notable chiefly for its illustrations—drawings, woodcuts, and etchings as well as paintings—which are profuse (a hundred and forty-nine in all, fifty-nine of them in color), carefully selected, and reproduced with an attention to definition and to color values that is outstanding. (In other words, there is little here of the Technicolor heightening of tonalities that is so frequently encountered elsewhere.) One has to discount the text a bit, for though it is precise in its documentation—Dürer, after all, wrote a good deal himself, and kept a copious daybook—it comes uncomfortably close to the fictional in its recital of the man's rich career.

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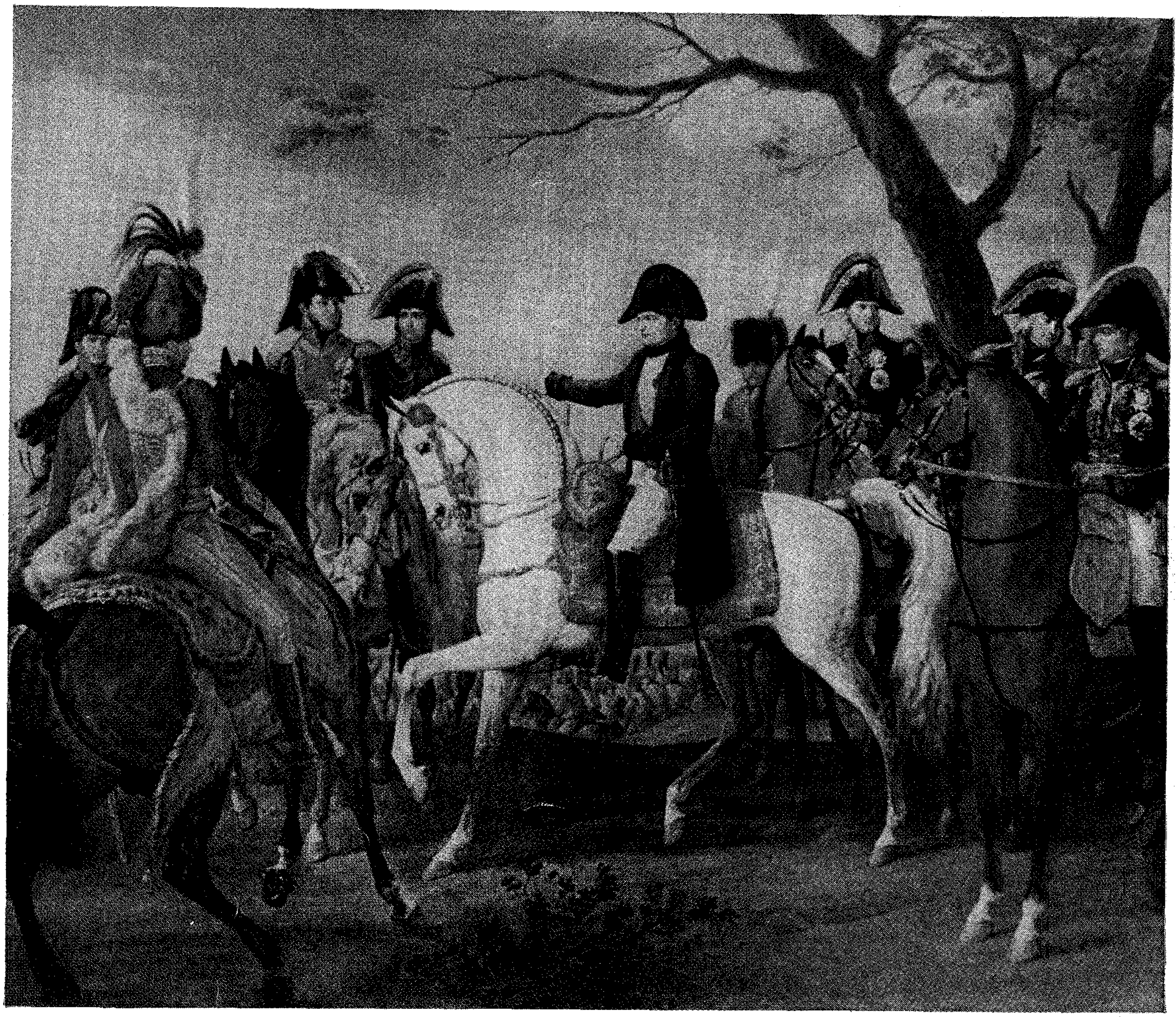

Napoléon donnant l'ordre avant la Bataille d'Austerlitz. Peinture par Antoine Charles Vernet. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

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